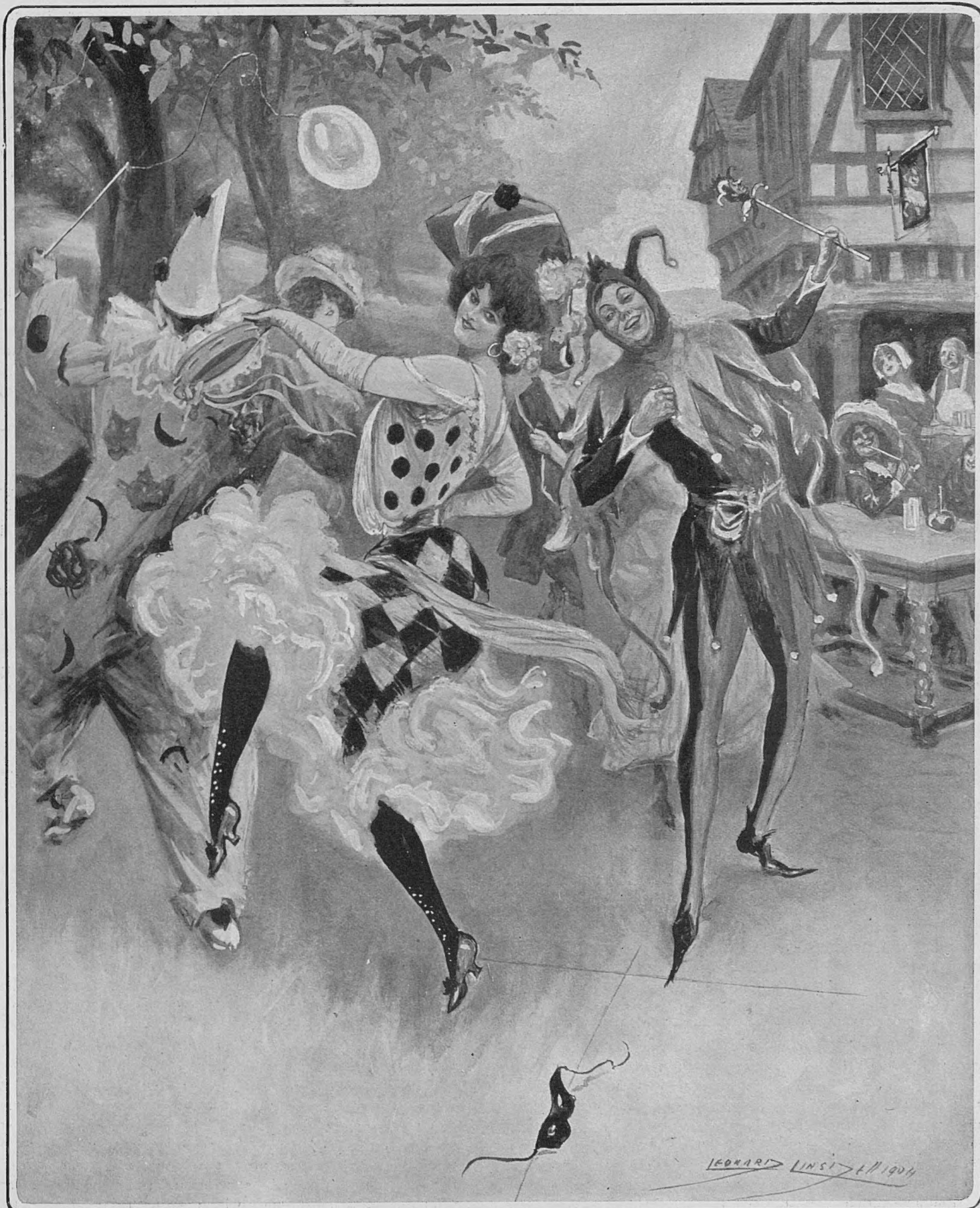




No. 591.—Vol. XLVI.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 25, 1904.

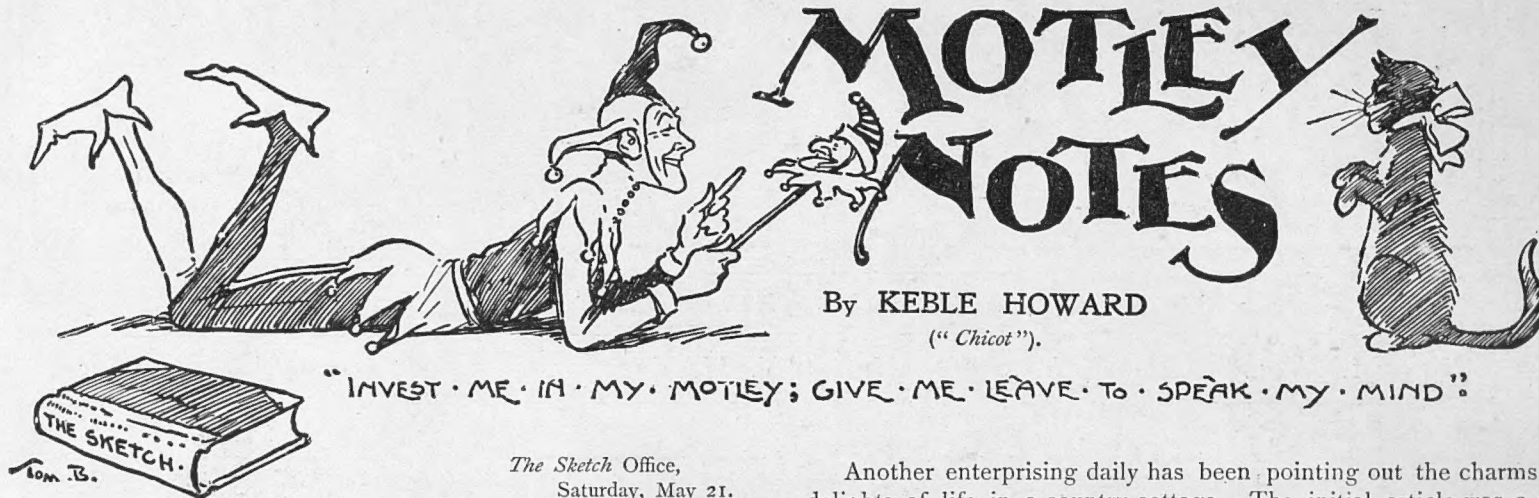
SIXPENCE.



"A WHITSUN MORRIS-DANCE."

DRAWN BY LEONARD LINDSELL.





The Sketch Office,  
Saturday, May 21.

"GEORGE EDWARDES," said a first-night oracle at the Apollo last Wednesday evening, "George Edwardes is——"

"Yes?" I held my breath, waiting for the phrase.

"A wonderful man, sir! I don't care who denies it! George——"

I passed on, only to hear other first-night oracles daring anyone to deny that George Edwardes was a wonderful man. Nobody did, of course, because we were all very pleased with "Véronique." After Gilbert and Sullivan, it is certainly the most delightful comic opera that I have ever seen. The humour of Gilbert, I must admit, is sadly lacking. The success of the piece is due, rather, to the charm of the setting, the grace and daintiness of the music, the picturesqueness of the dresses, the cleverness of the stage-management, the lightness and gaiety of the whole Company. Nothing could have been prettier than the Second Act, with its chestnut-blossoms, fresh turf, languorous glades, a crowd of dancing maidens, the two old fiddlers, the bride and bridegroom, and, in the centre of the picture, the pair of lovers. I could go many times to the Apollo, if only to hear the Swing Song. And, once there, I should certainly wait for Miss Rosina Brandram's ballad in the Third Act.

Miss Ruth Vincent, in the name-part, was perfect. Either in her singing or her acting, there was not a single false note. Even when her donkey, at the beginning of the Second Act, refused to face the Orchestra, Miss Vincent laughed so gaily and sang on so pluckily that an exceedingly awkward situation was turned into a genuine triumph. The audience thoroughly enjoyed the situation, and I am not at all sure that the behaviour of the donkey was not the most humorous—really humorous—incident of the evening. It was certainly more in keeping with the pretty simplicities of the opera than Mr. George Graves's "gags." I should love to hear Mr. Graves in a pantomime; I found him somewhat distasteful in "Véronique." I do not think even a middle-class Parisian would have invited a lady, with whom he wished to dance, to "slap the floor a bit." We all roared, of course, but, at the same time, we felt annoyed with Mr. Graves. It was as though someone should tickle you in the ribs while you were looking at a particularly beautiful sunset. There was some stupid business with a busby, too, that might very well be cut. The other comedians, Mr. Fred Emney and Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald, were far more "in the picture" than Mr. Graves. Mr. Fitzgerald, as a matter of fact, gave a very artistic, consistent performance.

The weekly wags, bless them, are immensely tickled because an enterprising daily has arranged with a number of leading cricketers to write brief comments on matches in which these cricketers have been playing. I do not grudge the wags their capers, but I should like to point out to them that the "M. C. C." has not yet returned the compliment. I have not heard, up to the time of writing, that a representative of a leading London journal will be included in each county cricket team. Is there not a spice of humiliation in the thought that a cricketer can become a journalist far more easily than a journalist can become a cricketer? It is very amusing, of course, to say that actors will soon become critics, that novelists will presently review each other's novels, and so forth. The fact remains that an actor can criticise acting, whereas a dramatic critic cannot act; that a novelist can review a novel, whereas a reviewer cannot write one. I speak, of course, generally. Among the dramatic critics, doubtless, there are one or two fine actors. Among the reviewers, I know, there are dozens of novelists. My argument, I maintain, still holds good—namely, that it is harder for a journalist to pass Temple Bar than for the amateur to enter into Fleet Street.

Another enterprising daily has been pointing out the charms and delights of life in a country cottage. The initial article was a truly seductive bit of writing, and called forth a number of letters from readers. One correspondent, over the signature of "A Confirmed Villager," painted so sweet a picture of the village in which he resided that all the other correspondents are now begging him to reveal the name. Not a man of them, it seems, but is longing for a thatched roof and a patch of potatoes; not a woman of them, apparently, but would willingly exchange suburban gossip for the stillness of the country, electric-light for dips, a gas-stove for an old-fashioned range, fashionable blouses for chapped hands. "A Confirmed Villager," however, steadily refuses to give his address. Is he merely selfish, I wonder, or does he realise that there is not given to one town-dweller in a hundred the capacity to lead a rural life? The song of the nightingale is a feeble chirp for those who cannot understand it. The talk of the trees is tiresome nonsense to those who may not interpret it. I cannot help thinking that it will be kinder, on the whole, if "A Confirmed Villager" maintains his attitude of impassive resistance. In any case, it will be the wiser course from the point of view commanded by his own cottage windows.

For my own part, I generally contrive to spend my holidays in the country. This Whitsuntide, however, a curious impulse is taking me to Eastbourne. I have been to Elegant Eastbourne once before. That visit was paid some years ago, but there still remains with me a vivid memory of a climb up Beachy Head, a glorious view of the Channel, and a strong wind in my throat that half-choked me as it came, but left me chuckling. I remember a Sunday morning, too, on which I paddled along the front, my socks in a pocket, my boots slung over a walking-stick. The visitors, so to speak, had just come from church, and were displaying their neat little prayer-books and their neat little ankles on the promenade. Few of them, I suspect, had time to glance seawards, and those who did so probably wondered why the local police allowed nasty tramps to wander in the nice waves that were usually reserved for pretty children. For all I know, there may have been letters in the local paper on the subject. Be that as it may, I am not at all sure, an the weather be fine enough, that I shall not follow out the same programme to-morrow. A bauble, after all, is a picturesque thing to hang boots over. I have the further satisfaction of knowing that before these lines are in the hands of my Eastbourne readers I shall be once again in my stronghold of London.

In the meantime, I have still to negotiate the terrors of the London terminus. Can't you see me, pitying reader? Can't you imagine the struggles, feel the bumps, hear the cries of the porters? I can. I've been anticipating the horror of my departure all the week. In the first place, my cab will be blocked half-a-mile from the station. Naturally an impatient person, I shall get out and walk, thus arriving at the ticket-office in a state of perspiration and a shocking temper. There will be no porters obtainable, and, in their absence, I shall carry my own bag and strike several total strangers on the back of the knee-joint. The strangers, recovering their balance and their dignity with some difficulty, will scowl at me, snarl at me, and leave me cursed. The same thing will happen all over again at the bookstall; by this time, of course, I shall be a marked man. When I reach my carriage, I shall find every seat but one already occupied, and the occupants will be the very men whom I have already assaulted at the back of the knee-joint with my unwieldy bag. They will stare at me rudely, glance at each other sympathetically, and return, with a shrug of the shoulders, to their papers. At intervals, during the journey down, they will pass their hands, rather ostentatiously, over the backs of their knee-joints. On arrival, I shall find that they are all nursing their wounds at my hotel.



THE MOST DELIGHTFUL SHOW IN LONDON.



SKETCHES OF "VÉRONIQUE," AT THE APOLLO, BY RALPH CLEAVER.

(SEE "MOTLEY NOTES.")





*Fifty Years Hence—The Development of Clubs—Changes in Regiments.*

I WONDER what the typical Club of fifty years hence will be. Clubland is tremendously conservative, but even the most venerable institutions within its borders have to move with the times or go under. When the United Service Club, which was the most severely exclusive Club in London, altered some of its rules and regulations, welcomed guests, and allowed mere Captains and Lieutenants to become members, the old manner of military Clubman held up his hands in despair, and changed for a little his refrain of "The Service is going to the dogs," to "The Clubs are going to the devil." Now the Carlton has opened a list of honorary members, and it looks as though another stronghold of exclusiveness is about to capitulate.

Of the "Senior," as the United Service is always wrongly called, most of the good stories regarding Club starchiness used to be related, and it was popularly supposed that when a stranger fainted on its steps the hall-porter read through the rules of the Club, to be sure that there was no rule against serving strangers with non-alcoholic beverages before he felt justified in carrying out a glass of water to the suffering man. It was said that, when the young soldiers were admitted as members within the sacred portals of the United Service, one old General was seized with a fit of apoplexy on seeing some of the new members actually running up the steps.

The Carlton has never bidden the stranger to enter within its gates, and one of the most genial of our latter-day humourists is wont to tell a story of the attempt made by a very young Lord, a member of the Tory Club, to prove him a purveyor of fiction as well as a humourist. The Lordling was holding forth on the excellent kitchen arrangements and the splendid cellar of the Carlton, and the humourist cordially agreed with him, mentioning certain dishes and certain vintages of port as having met with his entire approval when he dined in the Club. "Perhaps you are not aware, sir," said the very young Carlton man, coldly, "that members are not allowed to entertain strangers." The humourist smiled. "I am quite cognisant of that," he said; "but I frequently dine with your steward."

Fifty years hence, I fancy that all social Clubs will have a suite of rooms in which ladies can be entertained, for the pressure which the fair sex can put on their husbands and brothers and *fiancés* is all to make them join the Clubs from which the ladies can obtain some pleasure, and not those in which a lady is not allowed to cross the

door-step. The old, crusty type of Clubman is against this innovation, but at progressive Clubs, such as the Bath and the Bachelors', it answers excellently. The old type of Club servant will also have vanished within the next fifty years, and a much more alert person will have taken his place.

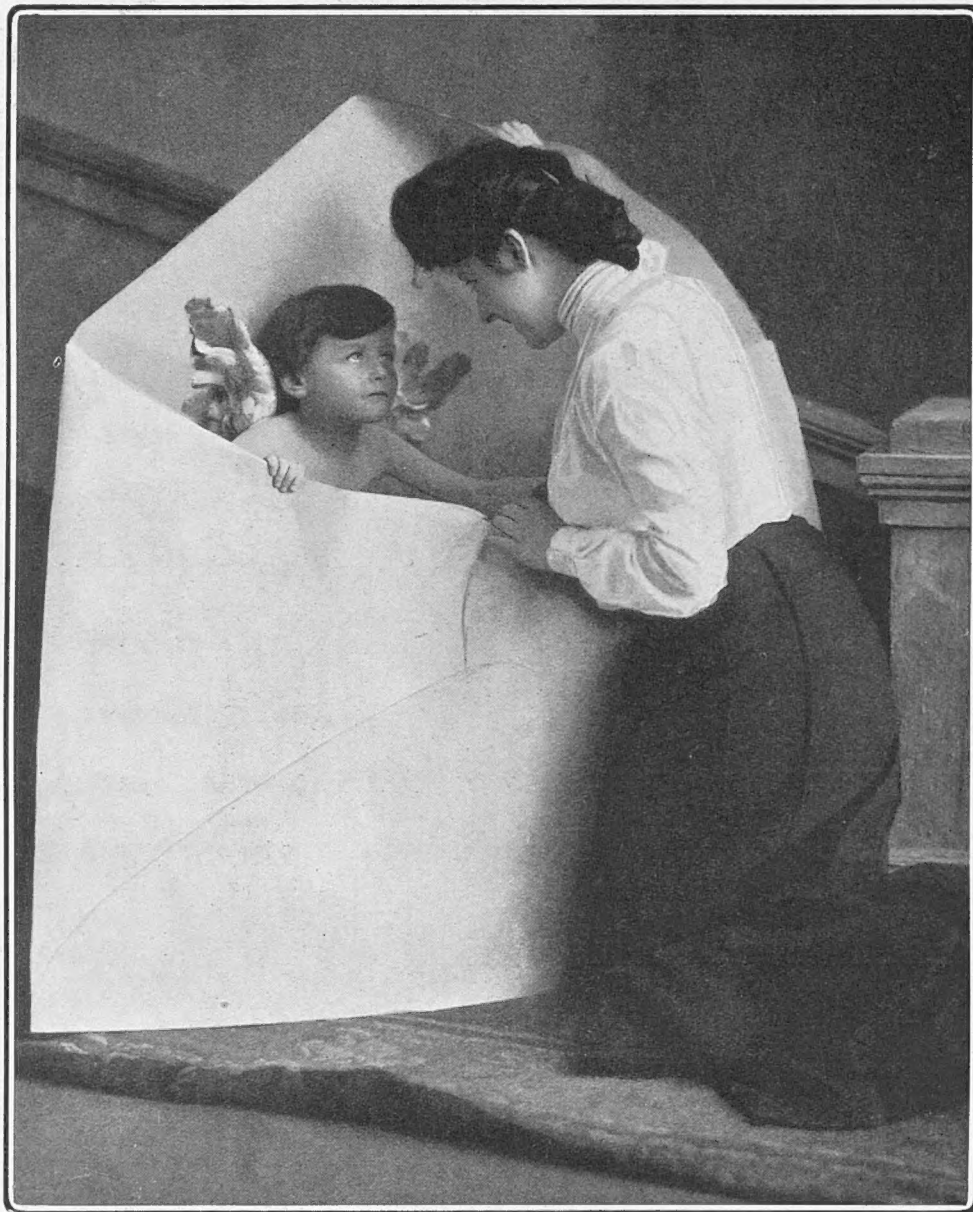
Fifty years ago, a Clubman took rather a delight in the ponderous dignity of the butler and the other upper servants of his Club. The hall-porter, the groom of the chambers, and the autocrat of the coffee-room all had the dignity of Dukes, were never hurried, and were known to snub in a dignified manner any of the younger members who disturbed the serene atmosphere in which they moved. A Club dinner-party was in those days a feast of great ceremony, and, when the butler himself brought round the port, it was with an air of royal condescension. Nowadays, the restaurants are in fierce competition with the Clubs, and the Clubs will have to learn some of the restaurant methods if they wish fifty years hence to find their dinner-giving

members within their gates. At one Club of which I am a member, ten years ago there was a dinner-party in the private room every other day during the Season. Last year I do not think that half-a-dozen dinners were given there. A Club can always feed its members more cheaply than a first-class restaurant can feed its clients, and, were it not for that advantage, "Ichabod" would be written over every Club coffee-room in London.

And, as I am looking fifty years ahead, I wonder what the social life of the officers of a British regiment will be half a century hence. I wonder whether the regimental Mess will eventually follow the regimental bands which are now to be reformed out of existence as concert-giving institutions. The regimental band of the immediate future will be a small body of men making enough music for the regiment to march to, and little more. It will be like the bugle band which Light Infantry regiments enlist. I have no doubt that big garrisons will eventually have good garrison bands, just as the Guards now have a

band for each regiment and drums and fifes for each battalion. Fifty years hence, I rather fancy that each regiment will have its own dinner-table at the big Military Club in each garrison or camp, using its own plate and ornamental china, and that the Messes in barracks will no longer be places for the entertainment of guests. Perhaps, fifty years hence the British officer will look back on the days of bad and expensive catering in unsuitable rooms as one of the sins of his forefathers in the Service.

The Literary Fund and Newspaper Press Fund dinners were this year more successful than usual. For many years the authorities of the Literary Fund have excluded eminent literary men from the chair, on the ground that they would not attract wealthy and generous subscribers. The selection of Mr. Barrie, however, was triumphantly vindicated. In all ways the dinner was a great success, and the subscriptions were much larger than usual. The Newspaper Press Fund Dinner stood out by reason of Lady Campbell Clarke's magnificent gift of ten thousand pounds for pensions. Pensions without conditions are, on the whole, the most satisfactory helps that can be given to impoverished writers. Mr. Anthony Hope and Lord Elcho were particularly felicitous in their speeches.



"A LOVE-LETTER."

*Photograph by the Tonnellé Company, New York.*



A TYPE OF RUSSIAN INFANTRY.

DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



SERGEANT-MAJOR OF TIRAILLEURS IN CAMPAIGNING-DRESS.



**HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—MR. TREE.**  
 (LAST 4 NIGHTS.) EVERY EVENING at 8.15.  
 THE DARLING OF THE GODS. (LAST 4 NIGHTS.)  
 LAST MATINEES TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY) and SATURDAY at 2.15.

MONDAY, May 30, for One Week only,  
 THE LAST OF THE DANDIES,  
 Followed by THE MAN WHO WAS.

**GARRICK.—MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER**  
 and MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH. At 9 in THE FAIRY'S DILEMMA, by  
 W. S. Gilbert, and at 8.15 in "A Marriage has been Arranged." Wed. and Sat. Mats. at 2.15.

**IMPERIAL THEATRE.—MR. LEWIS WALLER.**  
 EVERY EVENING, at 9. MATINEE WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 3.  
 MISS ELIZABETH'S PRISONER.  
 Preceded each Evening, at 8.15, by A QUEEN'S MESSENGER.

**PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager,**  
 Mr. Frank Curzon.—Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES' Company (by permission of  
 Mr. H. Lowenfeld). EVERY EVENING at 8.30, LA POUPÉE. By Ordonneau and Sturgess.  
 Music by Audran. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY at 2.15.

**LYRIC THEATRE.—Lessee, MR. WILLIAM GREET.**  
 Under the management of MR. TOM B. DAVIS. MR. GEORGE EDWARDES'  
 SEASON. EVERY EVENING, at 8. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY, at 2.  
 THE DUCHESS OF DANTZIC.

**LONDON HIPPODROME.**  
 Managing Director, MR. H. E. MOSS.  
 TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 8 p.m.  
 AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE.

Admission 1s., Season Tickets 10s. 6d.  
**ITALIAN EXHIBITION, EARL'S COURT.**  
 From 12 noon till 11 p.m.  
 ITALIAN COMMERCIAL EXHIBITS.  
 FINE-ART SECTION. INDUSTRIAL WORKING EXHIBITS.  
 ITALIAN VILLAGE.  
 GRAND MILITARY AND OTHER CONCERTS.  
 Band of the Grenadier Guards, &c.  
 In the EMPRESS HALL Gigantic Representation of  
 VENICE-BY-NIGHT.  
 Canals, Bridges, Shops, Cafés, Public Buildings, Gondolas, and all  
 the Exquisite Features of the Queen City of the Adriatic.  
 VENETIAN SERENADE TROUPE. MASANIELLO NEAPOLITAN TROUPE.  
 A Continuous Feast of Music, Beauty, and Movement.  
 OPEN ALL DAY.  
 SIR HIRAM S. MAXIM'S CAPTIVE FLYING-MACHINES. The Novelty of the Age.  
 THE BLUE GROTTO OF CAPRI. ST. PETER'S, ROME.  
 "LA SCALA," THEATRE OF VARIETIES,  
 at 3 p.m., 7, and 9.30 p.m.  
 THE DUC D'ABRUZZI'S NORTH POLE EXPEDITION.  
 THE GIGANTIC WHEEL.  
 Roman Forum. Electric Butterflies, Fairy Fountains, Vesuvius, "Musée Grévin," and a  
 thousand other attractions.  
 ITALIAN RESTAURANT.

SOMETHING NEW.  
**ROYAL ITALIAN CIRCUS** (late Hengler's),  
 Oxford Circus (Tube) Station.  
 Twice Daily, at 3 and 8. Largest Animal Circus extant, only entertainment of its kind in the  
 world. Over 200 Performing Animals, including Bareback Riders, Clown Dogs, Clown Monkeys,  
 Performing Bears and Goats, Grand Monkey Pantomime, as performed for three consecutive  
 seasons at the Zoological Cirque, Vienna. Great Military Review. Court-Martial Scene, Real  
 Monkey Judges. Popular prices from 1s.; children half-price to all parts.

**DUBLIN HOTEL METROPOLE, SACKVILLE STREET**  
 (next General Post Office). Convenient for Railways, Steamers, and Amusements. The  
 most Modern and Luxurious. Passenger Lift. Electric Light. Sanitation officially certified. High-  
 class Restaurant attached. Moderate Tariff. Descriptive matter on application to the Manager.

**HARROGATE.—DELIGHTFUL HEALTH RESORT.**  
 WORLD-RENOWNED MINERAL SPRINGS (upwards of 80).  
 Finest Baths in Europe. Hydrotherapy of every description. Bracing Moorland Air.  
 Splendid Scenery, Walks, and Drives.  
 VARIED ENTERTAINMENTS DAILY IN NEW KURSAAL.  
 Illustrated Pamphlet and all details from MANAGER, ROYAL BATHS, HARROGATE.

**SOUTH-EASTERN AND CHATHAM RAILWAY.**  
**EPSOM SUMMER RACES,**  
 MAY 31, JUNE 1, 2, and 3.

BOOK TO TATTENHAM CORNER, the ONLY STATION ACTUALLY  
 on the COURSE.  
 From CHARING CROSS, WATERLOO JUNCTION, ST. PAUL'S, CANNON STREET,  
 and LONDON BRIDGE.  
 The last Special Trains will leave ST. PAUL'S at 12.25 p.m., and CHARING  
 CROSS at 1.25 p.m.  
 Two additional Direct Trains (First Class only) will leave CHARING CROSS at 11.50 a.m.  
 and 12.15 p.m. Returning from TATTENHAM CORNER at 5.15 and 5.20 p.m.  
 Fast Trains will leave TATTENHAM CORNER STATION at 4, 4.25, and 4.50 p.m. for  
 LONDON BRIDGE, WATERLOO, and CHARING CROSS, and also at frequent intervals  
 after the Races for LONDON BRIDGE, CANNON STREET, ST. PAUL'S, WATERLOO, and  
 CHARING CROSS. For Fares and further particulars, see Time Cards and Bills.  
 VINCENT W. HILL, General Manager.

**CHEAP CONTINENTAL HOLIDAYS**  
 IN  
**BELGIUM, including BRUSSELS for**  
**WATERLOO and the ARDENNES, &c.,**  
 Via HARWICH-ANTWERP EVERY WEEK-DAY.  
 Send post-card to the Continental Manager, G.E.R., Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.,  
 for descriptive illustrated pamphlet (free).

**LONDON**  
 TO  
**ST. PETERSBURG.**  
 New Fast Passenger Steamers, via KIEL CANAL, leaving  
 Every Saturday. Voyage Four Days. Fares, First Class,  
 Single £5 15s. Return £9 10s., including Victualling.  
 Stewardess carried. Write for illustrated pamphlet to  
 TEGNER, PRICE, and CO., 107, Fenchurch Street, E.C.

**QUICK CHEAP ROUTE**  
 TO  
**SCANDINAVIA,**  
 Via HARWICH and ESBJERG,  
 By the Royal Danish Mail Steamers of the U.S.S. Co. of Copenhagen, thrice weekly.  
 Send post-card to TEGNER, PRICE, and CO., 107, Fenchurch Street, London; or the Continental  
 Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C., for descriptive illustrated pamphlet (free).

## THE NEW UP-TO-DATE WORK ON PHOTOGRAPHY.

Part 1 ready May 27.

Price 7d. net.

## THE BOOK OF PHOTOGRAPHY

PRACTICAL, THEORETIC, and APPLIED.

Edited by PAUL N. HASLUCK.

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED.

TO BE COMPLETED IN 12 MONTHLY PARTS.

*A detailed prospectus will be sent post free on application.*

CASSELL AND COMPANY, LTD., London; and all Booksellers.

## THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS MAY 28.

## TIBET: THE WORKING OF THE "JINGAL." EXPLOSIVES AND NAVAL WARFARE.

## FATE'S DISCOUNT OF THE "PETROPAVLOVSK":

## The Lost Japanese Vessels, "Hatsuse" and "Yoshino."

## THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS MAY 28.

OFFICE: 198, STRAND, W.C.

Fourteenth Edition. Cloth, 1s. 6d. Paper, 1s. Post Free from the Publishers.

## THE DIETETIC CURE OF OBESITY ("FOODS FOR THE FAT.")

By N. E. YORKE-DAVIES, L.R.Coll.Phys.Lond., &amp;c.

Illustrates the dangers of Obesity, viz., Weak Heart, Breathlessness, Dropsy, Apoplexy, Congestive  
Diseases, &c., the Evils of Quackery, Purgatives, and Drugs, and that the Permanent Cure of  
Obesity is a matter of Diet alone.

### OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

THE QUEEN says—"The advice contained in this book will be invaluable."  
 LONDON: CHATTO & WINDUS, 111, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, W.C.,  
 Or from any Bookseller.

## SUMMER TOURS IN SCOTLAND.—THE ROYAL ROUTE.

COLUMBA, IONA, &c., SAIL DAILY, MAY TILL OCTOBER.  
 Official Guide, 6d.

Tourist Programme post free from DAVID MACBRAYNE, 119, Hope Street, Glasgow.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SKETCH."

### INLAND.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 9s. 3d.  
 Six Months, 14s.; Christmas Half-year, 15s. 3d.  
 Three Months, 7s.; Christmas Quarter, 8s. 3d.

### ABROAD.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £2.  
 Six Months, 19s. 6d.; Christmas Half-year, £1 1s.  
 Three Months, 9s. 9d.; Christmas Quarter, 11s. 3d.

Subscriptions must be paid in advance, direct to the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, in  
 English money; by cheques, crossed "The Union Bank of London"; or by Post Office Order,  
 payable at the East Strand Post Office, to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD.,  
 198, Strand, London.





## SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE news that the King will spend the Kiel Regatta week at the charming seaside place which has been nicknamed "the German Cowes" is one of moment to both the British and the Prussian peoples. The Kaiser is not only His Majesty's nephew, the son of his much-loved elder sister, but before his accession he was constantly in this country, and there have been moments when his subjects have felt inclined to accuse him of being

an explorer before he was of age, and his house is full of trophies brought back by him from Africa. He is a member of the family of which Lord Waterpark is the head.

### *A Notable Majority.*

A good deal of interest attaches to the coming-of-age of Lord Ninian Crichton-Stuart, the second son of the late Lord Bute, and, indeed, many a young Peer might envy the famous Roman Catholic Marquis's second son the splendour of his inheritance. This includes the estate of Falkland, in Fife, on which stands a wonderful old palace, over which the late Lord Bute spent an immense sum and an infinity of archaeological learning. Lord Ninian, by his father's desire, now becomes keeper of the palace, and he will be able to watch over it from his own house, which is itself a most interesting example of Scottish Jacobean architecture. Lord Colum Crichton-Stuart, who is now seventeen, will, when of age, become owner of what have been described as the most picturesque ecclesiastical remains in North Britain, those of the Priory of Pluscarden. Lord Bute's only sister, Lady Margaret Crichton-Stuart, was left by her father the portion of his property which he, perhaps, valued most of all—that situated in the Holy Land, where, it will be remembered, his widow conveyed his heart.

Pro-British. Many years have gone by since our Channel Fleet, under Admiral Sir John Baird, sailed to Kiel, there being received with exuberant enthusiasm, and a British Squadron was also present at the opening of the Kiel Canal. The town is very picturesque, and the old Castle, where it is thought Edward VII. will probably stay during his brief visit to Kiel, has now been for many years the home of Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia, the nephew and niece of our Sovereign, to whose recent visit to England is said to be due King Edward's forthcoming meeting with the German Emperor.

### *The Royal Whitsun.*

The Court, including the Prince and Princess of Wales, who are at Frogmore, have spent the Whitsun holidays at Windsor, where many notable improvements and embellishments have been added during the last year to the Castle. The King and Queen evidently hold the Royal Borough in high esteem. His Majesty has quite an exceptional knowledge of the history of the Castle, and much that has been done there of late was actually suggested and supervised by the Sovereign in person. The Court will be back in town to-morrow (26th), but will return to Windsor for Ascot week, when their Majesties will entertain an exceptionally large and brilliant house-party. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and their daughters are staying with Lord and Lady Cadogan at Culford Hall. During Ascot week they will be at Bagshot Park, where their Royal Highnesses will entertain the first race-party they have had there for five years. Princess Christian and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein spent Whitsun at Lockinge Park, a singularly beautiful place in Berkshire, where Lady Wantage's gardens are famed. The Duke and Duchess of Argyll are staying near Inverary.

### *An Interesting Group.*

Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Cavendish may truly claim to take their place among the romantic couples of the new century. The young explorer has had many adventures by land and sea, of which, perhaps, the most notable was that concerned with what was so long known as the "Planchette Case." His pretty wife is better known under her old name as Miss Isabel Jay, and, at the time their wedding took place, she was one of the leading ladies in the revival of "Iolanthe," nightly bringing down the house with the charming song, "For We're to be Married To-day." At the present moment Mrs. Cavendish is taking part in that very successful production, "The Cingalee." She is devoted to her work, but not more so than to her home and pretty little daughter. Mr. H. S. Cavendish became



MR. AND MRS. H. S. CAVENDISH (MISS ISABEL JAY) AND FAMILY.

Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.



### A Charming Débutante.

Of the many pretty débutantes who are now entering upon the joys of their first London Season, there are few more pretty and clever than Lord Ranfurly's elder daughter, Lady Constance Knox, who is said by some genealogists to be descended from the redoubtable John Knox himself. Lord and Lady Ranfurly have left pleasant memories in New Zealand, and especially at Wellington, where they both made themselves deservedly popular. But much as they loved Greater Britain—where, by the way, they own a fruit-growing estate—they were very glad to come back to their Irish home, Northland House, Dungannon. Lady Ranfurly is the only daughter of the seventh Lord Charlemont, and though next year she and her husband will celebrate their "Silver Wedding," she is still quite young-looking. She has transmitted her exceptional beauty to her two daughters, of whom the present débutante, Lady Constance, has inherited from her father a love of natural history, which was quaintly shown last year by her discovery of a new snail.

### Retirement of "C.-B.'s" Brother.

Mr. J. A. Campbell, who is eleven years older than his brother, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, has decided not to stand again. Every other week the impending retirement of a veteran is announced. Mr. Campbell has a better reason than some others, for he is one of the oldest men in the House, being only a year short of eighty. As the representative of two Scottish Universities, he is interested chiefly in education and in the Kirk. His voice has been heard only once or twice this Parliament, but he attends the House regularly and is held in high respect. On nearly all political topics Mr. Campbell is at variance with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, but evidently the personal relations of the brothers are of the kindest sort.

### Mr. Churchill's Career.

Mr. Churchill's quarrel with the Unionists is complete. He speaks and acts frequently with the Liberals, and his fusion with them is only a matter of time. In the event of his being returned at the next election, he will sit on their side. Some of the Conservatives have openly told Mr. Churchill that he ought to cross over at once, but he insists on the right to sit where he chooses, and the seat which he himself prefers is the corner formerly occupied by Mr. "Jimmy" Lowther on the front bench below the Ministerial gangway. From this corner the brilliant son of a brilliant father delivers pungent and audacious attacks on the Government and on Mr. Chamberlain, and, although few of the Conservatives listen to him, he is consoled to some extent for their "boycott" by the attention he receives from members of the Liberal Party and from the Press.

### "Young Goschen."

Mr. George J. Goschen, the son of the famous statesman, is a Unionist Free Trader, but has never thrust himself forward in the House. All members were pleased when he was selected on behalf of his section to second the "Black" motion against Mr. Chamberlain's policy. His speeches in the House have been very few, and his chief experience has been as private secretary to his father. His devotion to Lord Goschen is like Mr. "Lulu" Harcourt's to Sir William. Mr. Goschen is tall, straight, and dark, and uses a single eye-glass. He is both handsome and distinguished in appearance. His wife is a daughter of Disraeli's colleague and friend, Lord Cranbrook, one of the last survivors of a past generation of statesmen.

### An Interesting Engagement.

Politicians and all classes of people have been interested to hear of the engagement of the Earl of Aberdeen's daughter, Lady Marjorie Gordon, to Captain Sinclair, M.P. Lady Marjorie has taken part with her mother in social and philanthropic work and is herself a member of a School Board in Aberdeenshire. Captain Sinclair is one of the

Liberal Whips, and, besides being good-looking, he is noted for his urbanity, tact, and shrewdness. He was Aide-de-Camp to the Earl of Aberdeen while the latter was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and was for some time Governor-General's Secretary to the noble Earl in Canada. He has acted also as a private secretary to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.

### A New Way to Get Old Debts Paid.

A curious case has just been decided in the United States Courts, by which North Carolina has got to pay several thousand dollars to South Dakota. About 1840, North Carolina borrowed money to build railways, but a quarter of a century later, having been devastated in the Civil War, the State suspended payment. The bondholders thus lost their money, for a private individual cannot sue a State. But, two years ago, some New Yorkers discovered that one State can sue another, and, as a result, the State of South Dakota passed a law enabling it to receive gifts and legacies. A New York holder of North Carolina Bonds then gave some of his useless shares to South Dakota, saying that he had waited over thirty years for the debt to be paid, and that, though he could not sue a State, South Dakota could. Dakota, therefore, brought an action and won it, and the pleasant prospect now opens before the States which defaulted that, unless they can get the decision altered, they will probably have to pay some hundred millions of old and forgotten debts.

### A West Country Hostess.

Lady Clifford of Chudleigh, who lately christened the battleship called *Devonshire*, is one of the best-known of West Country Peeresses. She was, before her marriage to Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, a Miss Towneley, a great Roman Catholic heiress, one of three sisters. Lady Clifford is a prominent amateur actress, her histrionic gifts being quite remarkable, and each Christmas and New Year she and Lord Clifford organise a series of performances in the beautiful little theatre they have built for themselves at Ugbrooke Park. Not long ago, Ugbrooke was the scene of a great Royal house-party, and during their stay there the Prince and Princess of Wales visited many typical West Country spots in the vicinity. Lady Clifford is very proud of her beautiful gardens, in the arrangement and management of which she takes a practical interest. She is to spend this Season in town, and she will be a valuable addition to the Roman Catholic section of Society, already enriched by the accession of the new Duchess of Norfolk.

*A Baby Marquis.* The latest addition to the long roll of Edwardian Peers is that of the infant Marquis of Donegall, who has now been for some days in possession not only of the ancient Irish honours of the Chichesters, but also of the picturesque office of Lord High Admiral of Lough Neagh, which, by the way, is probably about to be drained, so that by the time he comes to man's estate the little Lord will not have much to exercise Admiralty over. There are but very few infant Peers, and, until now, not a Marquis among them. His mother, the Marchioness, was Miss Violet Twining, a daughter of



LADY CONSTANCE KNOX, ONE OF THIS SEASON'S DÉBUTANTES.

Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.



LADY CLIFFORD OF CHUDLEIGH.

Photograph by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.



Greater Britain, and she, again, will be a notable addition to those widowed Peeresses who are also young and beautiful. A curious point concerning the baby Marquis is the fact that, should he live to a good age, he and his father before him will have covered not far

"*La Troisième Lune.*"

our Paris Correspondent

I should like to hear the views of a Chinaman on "*La Troisième Lune*," Madame Fred Grésac's play, of which I spoke a week or two ago (writes). It is exquisitely mounted by M. Porel, and reminds me not a little of a Chinese "*Mikado*," with the songs cut out in true neo-Gilbertian style, and all the latest Paris witticisms and locution neatly rendered into Celestial Parisian. Madame Daynes Grassot, for instance, as the lovely Si-Si's guide, philosopher, and friend, exclaims, "C'est-il Buddha possible!" with great effect on all occasions, and the public holds its sides at the introduction of a juggling gentleman as "*L'Homme qui a fait rire le Fils Céleste*," a parody of Tom Hearn's Paris title, "*L'Homme qui a fait rire le Shah*." The play itself is simple. Si-si, a pretty courtesane, who, like all courtesanes in China, knows of love and passion by hearsay only, falls a victim to the "*Troisième Lune*"—the Moon of Love. The young man who inspires her attachment is Yeen (he might as well have been called Nanki-Poo), and he is to be married to a little lady, Ly, played exquisitely by Mdlle. Marthe Regnier, who is a dimpled delight from the rise until the fall of the curtain. Fou-Pang (the son of Baron, of the Variétés, and quaintly reminiscent of his father at his best) and Ly love one another, and, by the usual farcical method of introducing herself as Ly, Cui Qui Voit Tout as her mother, and a travelling troupe of actors as her relations, Si-si unites Ly and Fou-Pang, and weds the handsome Yeen herself. But the plot is of no account whatever. The dialogue makes you laugh, the scenery and costumes are delightful, and who has not seen Daynes Grassot fall into the water in the garden in Act III. has missed a treat.

One of the most interesting Art Exhibitions of the many in London of late is that of Miss Isabel C. Pyke-Nott (Mrs. P. G. Konody) at the Goupil Gallery in Regent Street. It consists of some score or so of "*Landscape Miniatures on Ivory of the Italian Lakes*." These tiny pictures will delight the connoisseur, not, perhaps, because of any claim to what is termed "high art," but by reason of their daintiness in colouring, admirable drawing, and microscopic execution.



MIDDLETON HALL, MIDDLETON, N.B., THE RESIDENCE OF MR. H. E. MOSS, MANAGING DIRECTOR OF THE MOSS EMPIRES, LIMITED, AND THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

Photograph by Marshall Wane and Co., Edinburgh.

short of two hundred years of life, for the late Lord Donegall was eighty-one when his only child was born.

#### *The St. Louis Exhibition.*

No great number of visitors from Europe has gone over to the St. Louis Exhibition, but those who have seen it declare that it contains the most beautiful exhibition-buildings ever erected. On the day of the official opening an amusing accident happened. At the conclusion of the brief ceremony it was arranged that Mr. Roosevelt was to touch an electric button which would set all the machinery in motion, turn on the electric-light, and, in short, set the whole Exhibition going. The people crowded all over the terraces, the statuary, and the empty fountains, to see the sight. But, unfortunately, the touching of the button also set the fountains playing, and the spectators in and near the cascades and waterworks were soaked through in a few moments. There was a tremendous stampede to get out of the way, but, happily, with the exception of a wetting, no one came to any harm.

The suggestion that a tax should be levied on those unfortunates who have more than their due share of "adipose tissue" has moved a corpulent correspondent to unburden himself of the following, which he calls "*The Gourmet's Apology*"—

You call me an Epicurean,  
Your epithets verge on the rude,  
You sang me this morning a pæan  
On strict moderation in food.  
Harsh critic! You speak without thinking,  
You know not what wounds you impart,  
Nor dream that your arrows are sinking  
Deep, deep in a patriot's heart.

I know that I'm fond of my dinner,  
That supper I ne'er go without;  
I know that I'm not growing thinner:  
In fact, to be candid, I'm stout.  
But list, for the truth of the matter  
You'll surely allow me to tell,  
While I'm growing fatter and fatter,  
The revenue's growing as well!

Of course, it is perfectly hateful  
To sit, with a semblance of zest,  
Each evening in front of a plateful  
Of food that you cannot digest;  
But yet, though you call me a glutton,  
At least you'll admit that it's sweet  
To know that each cutlet of mutton  
Increases the strength of the Fleet.

Let's off, then, to supper at Prince's,  
For ne'er shall our enemies say  
That the true-hearted patriot winces,  
Whatever the price he must pay;  
And, as we demolish the courses,  
This notion shall set us aglow:  
"We're helping to strengthen the forces  
That guard our dear land 'gainst the foe."



THE OPENING OF THE ST. LOUIS EXHIBITION: A GENERAL VIEW.

Photograph by George Grantham Bain, New York.



*King and Kaiser.* Several weeks ago (writes our Berlin Correspondent), I was in a position to affirm, in contradiction of many statements to the contrary, that the personal relations between King Edward and the German Emperor were marked by the utmost cordiality. My assertion has now received the confirmation of an official announcement that King Edward will visit his Imperial nephew at Kiel during the Regatta week. The possibility of such a visit was mentioned in the messages which were exchanged between the two monarchs when the Emperor was at Syracuse and the King at Copenhagen. I was, however, then forbidden to mention it, owing to the uncertainty which governed the King's arrangements and the German Emperor's desire that the scheme should be regarded as a profound secret until its success was assured. The suggestion that King Edward should attend the Kiel fixture first emanated from the Emperor, who commissioned Prince Henry of Prussia to bring the subject forward when he was in England. The Emperor had been

having the rank of First Secretary in the Diplomatic Service will be considerably increased in the various British Legations.

### *Two Kings of Spain.*

This is essentially an age of travelling monarchs. Occasionally, it seems, their journeyings bring Sovereigns into contact with strange companions. A few weeks ago, King Alfonso of Spain visited in the course of his tour the hospital at Reus. Despite energetic signs of a dissenting character from His Majesty's Court Marshal, the enterprising Director of that establishment insisted on submitting to the inspection of the King the department for insane patients. The King granted the importunate request of the Director, and very amiably spoke to several of the patients. One of the invalids, a dignified-looking person of middle-age, was asked by the King for his name. Assuming an air of the utmost importance, the inmate at once replied, "I am the King of Spain." King Alfonso quickly mastered his astonishment, and, giving



Robert Parminter  
(Mr. A. E. George). Richard  
(Master Roy Lorraine).

Richard Burnside  
(Mr. Edward Terry).

Margaret  
(Miss Beatrice Terry).

Mr. Williams  
(Mr. W. T. Lovell).

Marion Burnside  
(Miss Kate Rorke).

A SCENE FROM "THE HOUSE OF BURNSIDE," AT TERRY'S: RICHARD BURNSIDE WELCOMES HIS TWO GRANDCHILDREN.

Photograph by the Stage Pictorial Publishing Company.

previously obliged by his Mediterranean tour to decline King Edward's offer to pay him a formal State visit at Potsdam in April. Knowing that his Royal uncle dislikes a superfluous display of ceremony, and anxious also to promote the popularity of yachting in Germany, the Emperor, therefore, proposed a meeting at Kiel. In yachting circles it is regarded as certain that King Edward's yacht, the *Britannia*, will compete against the *Meteor*, and much speculation is already being indulged in as to the regulation of the time-allowances between the Emperor's newest American-built yacht and that of King Edward. Politically, the impending visit is regarded by the German Government as a happy augury that the long period of national estrangement is to be succeeded at last by more cordial relations between the British and the German nations.

*"Councillors of Embassy."* The British Diplomatic Service, I understand, is about to experience a titulary reform which will approximate it more to the services of the Continental Powers and, incidentally, bring promotion to a large number of younger Secretaries. In future, those gentlemen who have hitherto enjoyed the official distinction of Secretaries of Embassy will be entitled Councillors of Embassy, and the number of those

his hand to the imaginary monarch, observed, with a pleasant smile, "Then there are two of us."

*A Chinese Joke.* The number of Chinese in New York is so great that a daily and a weekly paper are going to be started there in the Chinese language. This recalls the story of the great New York daily which thought that it would be a good thing to publish a column of news in the Chinese vernacular every day during the last expedition to Peking. A Chinese editor was soon found, and all seemed well, until one day the proprietor discovered that in the middle of his Chinese news he was every day publishing in large letters the following notice: "This paper is printed by dogs of Christians and belongs to a foreign devil. It is not fit to be touched by any decent Chinaman." The consequence of this discovery was that the Chinese column disappeared suddenly from the paper.

Mr. Swinburne is to give us an enlarged reproduction of the "Heptalogia," his book of parodies which appeared in 1880. Among his subjects were Tennyson ("The Higher Pantheism in a Nutshell"), Browning ("John Jones"), Coventry Patmore ("The Person of the House"), and Rossetti ("Sonnet for a Picture").



From "the Other Side."

Miss Bijou Fernandez ranks among the most prominent and successful of the younger leading ladies in New York. A few of the parts with which her name is associated are Miss Godesby in "The Climbers," Lygia in "Quo Vadis?" and Mrs. Morley in "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson."

Miss Fernandez will be seen in a prominent rôle in a leading West-End theatre during the coming season. She recently arrived in London from New York, and intends seeing the sights of the Old Country before beginning work.



MISS BIJOU FERNANDEZ,  
A LEADING NEW YORK ACTRESS WHO WILL PLAY IN  
LONDON THIS SEASON.

Photograph by Sarony, New York.

beautiful young ladies, in fact. It so happened that he was left for a moment in a room alone, a thing to which he is not accustomed; so "Mr. Phelan" strolled down the stairs and out of the hotel and was soon lost to sight. One of the young ladies went at once to Oakley Lodge to acquaint Mr. O'Connor with the news; but, when the housekeeper opened the door, "Mr. Phelan's" friend was so overcome with horror at the tragic story she was about to relate that she was seized with violent hysterics, alternately laughing and crying violently; and all she could gasp out to the housekeeper was, "A cab! A cab!"

On her return to "Bailey's," the sad news was communicated to Mr. O'Connor by telephone, with the result that he passed a sleepless night; his housekeeper, too, was almost distracted. Luckily, "Mr. Phelan" was wearing his visiting-collar, inscribed with his name and full address, so next morning he was brought back to the house. Mrs. O'Connor was at Tenerife at the time, and it is a curious coincidence that, on the very day of the occurrence, she fell asleep and dreamed that her pet was lost; indeed, so impressed was she with the reality of her dream that she felt quite distressed until she received a letter from Mr. O'Connor saying that "Mr. Phelan" had returned home.

Miss May Yohe as a Jap.

Miss May Yohe made her début on the Music Hall stage a few weeks ago at the Brighton Hippodrome, going thence to the Newcastle Pavilion, and then to the Pavilion, Glasgow. All three houses are under the control of Mr. Thomas Barrasford, who next Christmas intends to open the Lyceum as a Variety Theatre. It is said that Miss Yohe is the recipient of one of the largest salaries ever paid to a Music Hall artiste.

"Le Brave Colonel."

The small talk of the Boulevards is not very kind to Colonel Marchand (writes *The Sketch* Correspondent). There can now be no doubt that this bravest of officers sent in his papers because he is suffering from the complaint known as "swelled head" upon the far side of the herring-pond, and, though everybody is sorry to think that a



MISS MAY YOHE AS A JAP.

Photograph by Panamunura, Yokohama.

man of his record has sacrificed everything to his conceit, yet nobody blames anybody except "le brave Colonel" himself. His record is a wonderfully brilliant one. Born in 1863, in the little village of Thoisse, Jean-Baptiste Marchand is the son of a working carpenter. He entered the Army as a private when he was twenty years of age, and less than four years later received the Sub-Lieutenant's stripes. Unfortunately, France was ready to make a hero of him after the Fashoda affair, and Marchand's intellect was not prepared to stand the shock of too much admiration. He thought himself a second Boulanger, had all of that unhappy man's ambitions and even less than his self-control, and utterly refused to accept the position his chiefs made for him. Although he was made Lieutenant-Colonel by a special law passed for the purpose, and became full Colonel two years later, although he would in a short time have received the stars of a General, and although he is barely forty-one, these things were not enough for Marchand.

He has done one-and-twenty years' hard service, and has thrown up his high position out of mere pique. He has no personal fortune, and must become either a politician or a writer in the Ministerial Press. His action makes him lose all right to a pension, and the whole thing is a pitiful end to what might have been a wonderful career, for Marchand, had he kept his head, might have been General-in-Chief in five or six years' time, and very likely he would have become Minister of War before his fiftieth birthday.



"À LA POMPADOUR."

"MR. PHELAN," MRS. T. P. O'CONNOR'S CELEBRATED YORKSHIRE TERRIER.

Photographs by Searle Brothers, Brompton Road, S.W.



"AU NATUREL."



## MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

IT has been left to one of the contemporaries of my morning paper to show the full humour of death by blood-poisoning. There has been an inquiry in the East-End concerning the death of one Sarah Ann Simes, who died in the workhouse after being bitten by a fly. "Do you have big flies in Stepney Workhouse, then?" asked the Coroner, and, at this brilliant sally, there was laughter. But the Coroner had not shown completely what a witty fellow he is. "Flies in the tropics are a great nuisance, but we haven't had much tropical weather in England up to the present," he went on. It proved impossible to refuse such wit the tribute that was its due; there was more laughter, and the Jury returned a verdict of accidental death. A most humorous episode, truly, and if the relatives of Sarah Ann Simes felt hurt, it is clear that they can't appreciate a good joke. My own opinion is that such a witty Coroner should be promoted to the Bench. He would quickly rival the Darling of the Gods.

"Fernando Oliviera was killed in the bull-ring yesterday," says the Lisbon Correspondent of my morning paper, and I read the news with regret, for I knew the cavalheiro and have watched his splendid work on many a sunny afternoon in the plazas of Campo Pequeno or Alges. They do not make bull-fights an excuse for butchery in Portugal; the bulls are not killed and no horses are sacrificed voluntarily. The bulls' horns are covered with leather, and the fiesta is just an exhibition of skilled work by the cavalheiros and bandarilheiros. Foremost

among the first-named was Fernando Oliviera, who sat his horse as though he were a descendant of the Centaur. It was a real pleasure to see him do the light, graceful work that corresponds in some fashion to the heavy and brutal efforts of the picadores across the frontier. How many times have I joined in the applause roused by a stroke that left the rosette on the bull's shoulder, while the bold rider just saved his fine horse from the pursuing horns! All Portugal will lament Oliviera's death.

I wish Lady Violet Greville all success in her crusade against the dealers in women's "things" who give away all the secrets of the sex. Since I first reached years of indiscretion, I have made it my practice to turn my eyes resolutely from all these revelations; and when I see that charming sight, a woman well turned-out, no guilty knowledge of how it is done spoils my pleasure. Does not Keats sum up the case perfectly?—

There was an awful rainbow once in heaven;  
We know her woof, her texture; she is given  
In the dull catalogue of common things.

"He might have had the train slowed down, for us to catch a glimpse of him, even if he did not acknowledge our salute." These infamous words, which I almost fear to print, were uttered by a German soldier while the Kaiser's train was passing in front of his Company on its way to Berlin. Upholders of law and order will be relieved to hear that the Sergeant overheard this gross *lèse-majesté*, and consequently the impertinent offender has been drummed out of the German Army and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. So says a morning paper. When one considers the offence dispassionately, the punishment can hardly be deemed too severe. You must indeed be careful in Germany. Have you heard the story of the excited man in a Berlin beer-garden who, after discussing some august remark, said aloud, "The Kaiser talks a lot of nonsense." In a moment the blasphemer was arrested by an official who happened to be present. The offence was a ten-syllabled one, with heavy penalties attaching to each. "It is all a mistake," whined the terror-stricken wretch. "I was speaking of the Austrian Kaiser." "That won't do, fellow!" thundered the official. "I maintain your arrest. Everybody knows there is only one Kaiser who talks a lot of nonsense."

This is an age of keen, sustained competition. I remember how, a few years ago, it was possible for a lad to be a musical prodigy until he was well in his teens. Parents, guardians, exploiters, whoever they might be, encouraged him to wear knee-breeches and stockings, deep-frilled collars, and other outward and visible signs of youth, and the world went very well then. Now all is changed. Your musical prodigy—witness Franz von Vecsey—must be far removed from his teens; he must have been a prodigy at five, a world-marvel at seven, and on intimate terms with all the Crowned Heads of Europe at ten. By the time he is seventeen, life has no more surprises or possibilities for him, and, incidentally, he has been pushed off the platform by some other genius who was master of the violin at an age when his contemporaries did not know how to hold their coral and bells.

I see that I have been quite wrong in expressing sympathy with Japan. An article in the *North American Review* sets me right. From start to finish she was the aggressor. Russia's intentions were most friendly; St. Petersburg never thought of war, and was quite unprepared for it. But Japan was headstrong, aggressive, and treacherous, hit Holy Russia when she wasn't looking, and has been hitting her ever since. All civilised countries should beware of the Yellow Peril and refrain from unseemly chuckling. If Japan comes out of this fight "top dog," as our cousins would say, it will be a shocking thing for everybody. There can be no suspicion of prejudice about the article. It is by Count Cassini, Russian Ambassador to the United States.

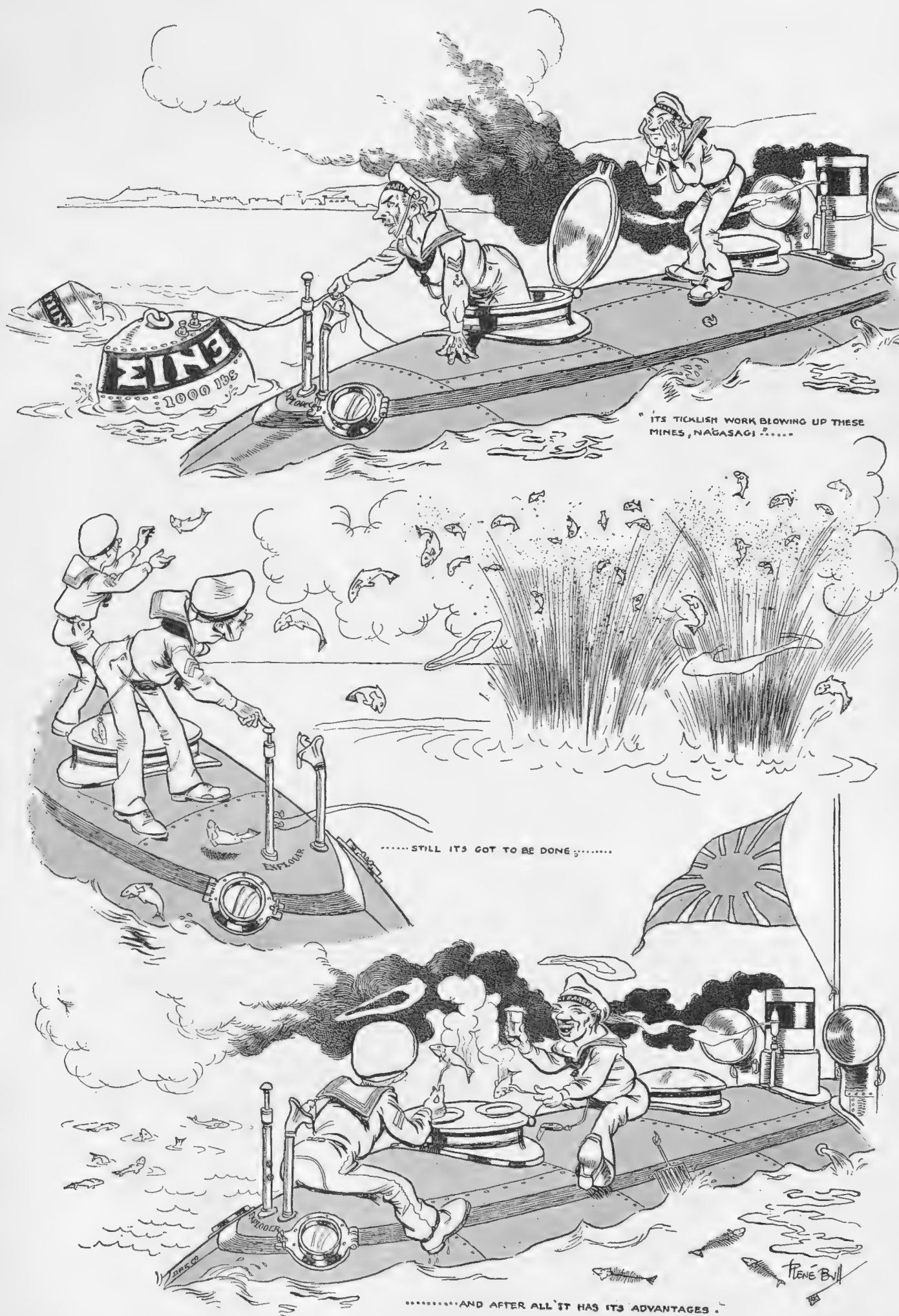


[DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.]

"THREE'S NONE."



A CURIOUS MINING STORY: EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."



DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL, OUR OWN WAR-ARTIST (IN LONDON).





## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

"THE MONEY MAKERS"—"THE PRINCE OF PILSEN"—"INA"—"CYNTHIA."

A WEEK of making bricks without straw, then too much straw—such seems often the critic's fate: And there was too much straw last week—clean straw, I am glad to say, but not very nutritive stuff for the playgoer. Mr. Rollit's piece, "The Money Makers," decidedly belonged to the straw-stuffed order, for there was

no real human being in it, and I fear that, though of vastly higher quality, neither "Ina" nor "Cynthia" can be regarded as flesh and blood. There was a good deal of flesh and blood in "The Prince of Pilsen"—from one point of view—and, indeed, the most sceptical could not entertain doubts concerning some of the performers, though the piece is chiefly froth and brass. I admit a grudge against Mr. Rollit's farce. When a playwright works in the moss-grown chestnut about people who fancy that the "ponies" and "monkeys" of betting-folk are real animals, I want to take up my coat and walk out. I doubt whether there exists another jest as threadbare, though wheezes about "bulls" and

*le diable au corps* upset the placid traditions of our chorus, the epileptic fury has proved catching, and our native performers now swing and sway and jump and shout till one begins to pine for their ancient almost cow-like tranquillity. The beauties—and some are real beauties—in "The Prince of Pilsen" are, perhaps, the most energetic on record in London, and at times the energy is rather tiring. Still, there is a very fine exhibition of Transatlantic belles, and the song introducing the pick of them made a big "hit." Lots of money has been spent on the affair, and, when some of the cryptic jokes about "Amurrican" politics have been removed and replaced by a few of our home-made perennial wheezes, plenty of our playgoers will be well entertained by the work.

"Ina" is, I believe, a first attempt by Mr. R. O. Prowse, and it is to be hoped he will try again, for, if he has not succeeded at first, the failure is creditable and the play interesting. The Stage Society was well justified in producing the comedy, since in many respects it is excellently written and nothing but actual performance could have shown whether it would act well or not. I am still curious to know why it did not act better—the reason, that it was not better acted, is unjust. Certainly the love-scenes with Bertie Egerton went wrong, for the house did not take the actor quite seriously, and though, to me, there seemed merit in his work, despite its exaggeration and the waywardness of his voice, the house must be deemed the best judge, since the actor's appeal must always be to the majority. The fact remains that the story of the beautiful young woman who let a beast of a husband die in a fit brought on by his excitement in abusing her, though she might have saved him with a dose of medicine, failed to move or thrill us. She, and Bertie, and the very reticent doctor who loved her but waited three and a-half years ere mentioning the fact to her, discussed her crime and her remorse, and all three conversed admirably in some respects, and through their talk the author tried to exhibit character; but for some reason they seemed mere mouthpieces for neatly, sometimes finely written speeches, and failed to glow into life. The central theme and the situations were strong, which makes the weakness of the work the more perplexing. Indeed, one gets more rather than less puzzled in seeking for the reason of the flatness of the quite interesting, never tedious play. Miss Margaret Halstan had a very heavy task in the name-part, almost too heavy a task, but she dealt with it admirably: in the more sensational moments she was, perhaps, a little deficient in brute force, and she must be careful against restlessness, the common vice of our stage; these matters apart, her performance was charming and interesting, and at times had touches of greatness. Miss Granville was entertaining by clever work in a mildly comic part, and Mr. Dawson Milward presented the disagreeable husband skilfully.

"Cynthia" seems to have puzzled the critics—"anæmic" some say, "dainty and delicate" others; "exquisite" has been used, and so, too, have "thin and threadbare." To me, the new work by Mr. H. H. Davies seems almost brilliant. Indeed, it is two-thirds brilliant, and had it ended when, at close of the second Act, the little drama of suspicion was over, "masterpiece" might not have been an extravagant term. Unfortunately, it did not, for there was a third Act which reduced the average cruelly. The diaphanous Cynthia in shimmering gowns was fascinating comedy; but Cynthia in the kitchen, washing dishes and talking like a fool to idiotic creditors, was an absurd person from farce. I suppose the author thought that we could not live during a whole play in the rare atmosphere of the early Acts: probably he was wrong. I think a little introductory Act showing the courtship of Cynthia, which he could have written admirably, would have been the right completion of the piece. Still, despite the descent to the kitchen, "Cynthia" is a charming fairy-tale play, and there is laughter in it, and even at times a valid excuse for showing those islets of cambric in a sea of lace which ladies call pocket-handkerchiefs. An actress of greater skill and force than Miss Ethel Barrymore might have been less successful than she in being Cynthia—for she was Cynthia, and not merely a clever young actress playing the part, and this is the highest praise. We must wait for other work ere judging her as a player. Mr. du Maurier acted very cleverly as the young husband, and two American artists, Mr. Max Freeman and Mr. Wheelock junior, made a "hit": the former may well make greater effort to ignore the audience. The appearance of Mlle. Louise Douste, whilst a loss to music, is a great gain to the stage, for she acted very cleverly. Mr. R. Walter showed ability in a small part. Poor Mr. Charles Groves and Miss Cowen had little chance of distinction.



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF YVETTE GUILBERT,  
WHO IS GIVING RECITALS AT BECHSTEIN HALL.  
Taken by Gerschel, Paris. (See "Key-Notes.")

"bears" may run it close. Fortunately, this does not fairly represent the standard of the work, which has a funny fundamental idea and some entertaining scenes. The pity is that, for want of skill, the author, though he piles incident on incident lavishly, does not work up his play to fever-heat: it jogs along steadily, though you can see that he is lashing it vigorously. Nor does it give the players great chances, and the result is that none of half-a-dozen clever people could make a "hit."

"The Prince of Pilsen" seems to have all the elements of success, save novelty, enjoyed by "The Belle of New York," but in a lower degree; so it is difficult to know how far it will please our people. In America it appears to have enjoyed immense success. The libretto is as chaotic as our ordinary books for such pieces. The trifling story of the Cincinnati brewer, mistaken at Nice for a Prince, and of the Prince for whom he is mistaken concealing his identity during several scenes, on account of the bright eyes of the brewer's daughter, is told without skill or sincerity. Sometimes reckless tomfoolery reigns; at others, syrupy sentiment, with a kind of glucose music, holds sway. Mr. Luders, the composer, is, perhaps, more ingenious in treating tunes than Mr. Kerker, but his gift for inventing them is small, and all the cunning of orchestra and aid from a powerful chorus do not atone for lack of taking or novel airs. Moreover, it does not seem likely that any of the performers—all of them new to London—will become the rage, even in a mild way. Mr. Ransone, in the customary German dialect part, was the most successful: he is an amusing but over-laborious "low-comedy merchant" of the Sullivan type, but without the curious subtlety of humour shown by the original "polite lunatic." The leading ladies seem to lack individuality: the cleverest is Miss Friganza, who certainly says her songs skilfully and might make a "hit" if the dialogue were clever. Unfortunately, the author, Mr. Pixley, seems rather a collector than an inventor of jokes, and cannot be regarded as a connoisseur. The chorus will hardly repeat the "Belle" success.

Since the first-night, now almost long ago, at the Shaftesbury, when the comely extra-ladies from the States who seemed to have



ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY: A SUMMER STUDY.



MISS ELLALINE TERRISS AS "THE CHERRY GIRL," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

*Photograph by F. W. Burford.*



## BEAUTIFUL HOMES AND THEIR OWNERS.

WHEN Browning wrote the lines, "What do they know of England who only England know?" he was, doubtless, thinking of a wider horizon than that bounded by the pleasant country-houses which lend so singular a charm to our rural country-sides; but while France, Italy, and Spain have many beautiful and stately palaces and villas scattered throughout their length and breadth, they have nothing that can in the least compare with the

Le Nôtre would be were he to see the results achieved in this wonderful Buckinghamshire garden.

Mr. de Rothschild is in the true sense of the word a tree-fancier, and Ascott has long been famed for its superb trees and shrubs, which include some remarkable examples of the topiarist's art; in the more formal section of the grounds quaintly clipped yews are a distinctive feature, as are also the stretches of beautifully kept green turf and the grass-paths. All interested in sun-dial literature have heard of the evergreen sun-dial at Ascott; the figures are grown in golden yew, at each corner is a heart-shaped bed, and beyond the figures the motto—also formed in golden yew—"Light and Shade by turns, but Love always"

Flowers and blossoms also have not been neglected, and, long before gardening became a fashionable craze, Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild, when in her Buckinghamshire home, spent much time and thought over the important question of what should or should not figure in the wide herbaceous borders which have become of late years one of the features of the gardens which lovers of gardening most wish to see carried out in full perfection. Roses are another speciality of Ascott, the rose-garden being traversed by pergolas, clothed during the rose-months of the year with every variety of climber known to the horticultural world.

Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's own special horticultural hobbies are the water-garden and the rock-garden. Water-gardening is now a fad of the moment, and the Ascott water-garden has been the lovely model on which many others have been based, though none have, so far, rivalled its unique stillness of aspect and the rarity of the water-plants which there find a delicious resting-place. The rock-garden also boasts of many unique specimens, lovingly culled in Alpine meadows and streams and tended with extreme care in this their alien home.

The owners of Ascott are well known, and to widely differing worlds of work and thought. Mr. Leopold de Rothschild has had a long connection both with the Sport of Kings and with the national sport of hunting, and when at Ascott he devotes much of his time to the famous South Court stud, out of which so many successful race-horses have been born and bred in friendly rivalry to Mr. de Rothschild's well-known Palace House stables at Newmarket.

Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild is noted both as a London and as a country hostess, and some two years ago there took place at Ascott a series of splendid entertainments in honour of the coming-of-age of the eldest son of the house, every member of the great Rothschild clan being present to do honour to the young man who boasts of so great an ancestry and who is already treading in the footsteps of his popular father and famous grandfather.



THE FIRST ASCOTT HOUSE: AN OLD FARM-HOUSE.

dignified farm-houses and the smaller manors which make so beautiful the Home Counties, and especially Hampshire and Buckinghamshire.

Such a dwelling, typically English, and having gradually become evolved from a fine old farm-house, is Ascott, the country-seat and home of Mr and Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild. At the time the little estate was presented to its present owner by his father—that is, some thirty years ago—the house was one of those rare, perfect survivals of the yeoman dwellings which were built early in the seventeenth century. The builder of the original Ascott must have loved beauty, for few places, even in leafy Bucks, are more exquisitely situated and command lovelier views of hill and dale. The more ancient part of the old house is as sturdy and picturesque as it was on the day that it first passed into Mr. de Rothschild's possession, of interest to antiquarians also being the great wide chimney, so characteristic of the spacious times which saw the first building of Ascott.

What with gradual additions, rather than alterations, the house to-day bears but little resemblance to what it once was. But the general character of the half-timbered type of mansion has been most carefully preserved, and it would now require a cunning architect to tell where the old Ascott ended and the new Ascott began. And this although the long, two-storeyed dwelling now contains every modern comfort—it might almost be said, every old and new luxury the heart of man has ever devised.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild are devoted to beauty in every form, and, though everything has been done to preserve what may be called the farm-house aspect of Ascott, every room in the house has become gradually filled with treasures, including much fine old English furniture, some of which has been picked up during the last quarter of a century in the various country towns which lie within driving distance of Ascott. But it must be admitted that the great charm of the place is to be found out of doors, and gardening enthusiasts from every portion of the civilised world come to admire and to learn what can be done in the way of creating beauty out of what was, only thirty years ago, thirty acres of farm-house garden, orchard, and grazing-land.

Mr. Leopold de Rothschild set himself an ambitious task—that of creating a garden, or series of gardens, which should recall no one style, but which should, on the contrary, include the graces and the special charms of every period. To say that he has been successful is understating the truth, and it may be doubted if there is anywhere in the Temperate Zone a happier mingling of the formal with the natural. It is easy to imagine how amazed such a master of his craft as, say,



ASCOTT HOUSE IN ITS SECOND STAGE.

*Photographs by Payne and Son, Aylesbury.*



BEAUTIFUL BRITISH HOMES.

XXXIX.—ASCOTT HOUSE, THE BUCKINGHAMSHIRE RESIDENCE OF MR. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD.



ASCOTT HOUSE AT THE PRESENT DAY.



A PICTURESQUE SPOT IN THE GARDENS.

*Photographs by Payne and Son, Aylesbury.*



## ROUND THE THEATRES: SOME HINTS FOR HOLIDAY-MAKERS.



MASTER GEORGE HERSEE AS THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON IN  
"THE CHERRY GIRL," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.



MISS MIMI ST. CYR IN "THE DARLING OF THE GODS," AT  
HIS MAJESTY'S.



Miss Elizabeth Philipse    Captain Harry Peyton  
(Miss Grace Lane).    (Mr. Lewis Waller).

Major John Colden  
(Mr. Norman McKinnel).

THE CONCLUDING SCENE OF "MISS ELIZABETH'S PRISONER," AT THE IMPERIAL THEATRE: THE BRAVE CAPTAIN TRIUMPHS OVER THE COWARDLY MAJOR.

*Photographs by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*

A SOUVENIR OF "THE WHEAT KING," AT THE AVENUE.



MISS ESMÉ BERINGER AS LAURA JADWIN AND MR. MURRAY CARSON AS CURTIS JADWIN.

HOW THE "WHEAT KING" LOST A COLOSSAL FORTUNE—AND HIS COLLAR-STUD.

*Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.*



## THE ALCHEMIST.

By J. SACKVILLE MARTIN.

"IMMORTAL," said the seedy man, as he meditatively eyed the pint of ale with which his generosity had provided him, "that's the word. I might have been immortal." His hand shook, probably with drink.

"The Poet—," I began.

"Stop a bit," said the seedy man. "When I say immortal, I'm not talking poetry or any of that sort of squish. I mean the real, solid thing. 'O, King, live for ever!' and all that sort of business, you know."

I said I was surprised: even that seemed inadequate.

"If you'll listen, I'll tell you the yarn," he went on. "It isn't everyone I'm keen on telling it to. But I like your face." He crammed tobacco furiously into his pipe. "You look as if you might be the sort of fool to believe it."

I passed over the compliment in my desire to hear more.

"It was when I was younger than I am," said he. "I was a bit smarter than I am, too, in those days." He glanced at the braiding on his shabby coat. "I was Science Master at the Grammar School. When I say Science Master, I mean that I taught the Third Form everything, from Latin to Algebra, and the other Forms used to come to me, to see me mix up all sorts of things in bottles; things that went in like water and came out bright green—when they didn't come out in flames and smoke, and all that kind of thing. I had some dandy explosions, I can tell you. And the stinks I made would have brought up the Nuisance Inspector in no time if he had ever done any work at all."

"It was about that time I met the old buffer. I was a bit sweet on a girl in a tobacco-shop in the town. Nothing very much, you know, but I used to go down after school-hours and lean over the counter and talk rot to her. Lord, what rot I did talk, too! Well, I was getting back to the school one evening, when I came across him. He was leaning up against the wall, with his hands to his heart, sort of trying to suck in air. He looked so funny, and old, and pinched, and his nose kept working so, that I stopped by him. I couldn't do much, but I just looked serious and sympathetic, and, if you'll believe me, the sight of that old chap fighting so hard to get his breath had such an effect upon me that I caught myself imitating him."

"At last he seemed to go a bit easier, and sort of perspired all over his forehead. As soon as he could get his breath, he gasped out, 'My thanks, friend. I am better. Oh, Lord, how long!' He tried to walk, and nearly fell. 'Better or not,' I told him, 'I'm seeing you home.'"

"That was the beginning of it. We struck up a friendship. He didn't often come to my diggings, but I used to mess about in his. I think I told you I knew something about chemistry. Bless you, I was a child to him. I told you I could kick up a bit of a smell: it was attar of roses and lavender-water to his performances. He had a room full of curious furnaces and retorts; most of them I didn't know the names of. And he was always brewing and distilling and precipitating in this room, whilst I sat on the table and watched him. He didn't have as many explosions as I did, but the one he did have scared me away from his place for a fortnight. You see, he was doing the thing on a big scale."

"At last I found what he was after. What do you think it was? You'll never guess. The old Johnnie was trying to discover the Elixir of Life. Of course, I knew from my history that lots of old chaps in the Middle Ages went mad in searching for it, but I never calculated to meet with anyone quite so balmy in my own time. But there it was. He wanted to get a fluid which would make him live for ever."

"Of course, when I found this out I used to chaff the old boy. 'When you've made it,' I'd say, 'I'll join you in a small one, and I'll take mine with soda.' He stood it well enough, as a rule, but now and again he'd fire up. 'Oh, man, man!' he'd say, 'thoughtless as the fly that perishes with the approach of winter, will you dance and sing' (I expect he meant smoke and drink), 'will you dally with women' (I'd been telling him about the tobacco-girl), 'while before you looms inevitable the darkness into which you must vanish?' 'And a fat lot you get out of life,' I'd say. Then he'd reply, 'Let me first make it everlasting; then you shall learn how I will enjoy it.'"

"That's the sort of way we used to go on. I don't mind saying I got fond of the old chap, in spite of his loose slate. I should think I knew him for nearly a year; and that brings me to the end. I trotted round to his place one afternoon and knocked at the door. As a rule, his housekeeper opened it, but she must have been out and I heard him coming downstairs. He didn't seem to be getting along over-fast; when he opened the door I saw how weak he was, but I saw something else. He was in a furious state of excitement. His eyes kind of glittered and his hand shook (a precious sight worse than

mine does now), and when he tried to speak to me he sort of gurgled in his throat and made funny noises.

"Look here, old chap," I said, 'you're not well. I'm seeing you upstairs and then I'm off for a doctor.'

"That fetched him. He found his voice. 'Doctor!' he kind of squeaked, clutching my arm. 'What have I to do with doctors? Congratulate me, oh, my friend! I've found it! Through the years I have sought it, and at last it is mine. This evening I shall be born again—born into eternity!'

"I tell you I was a bit taken aback. I'd been so used to see him messing round without much to show for it that I'd always looked on the business as a sort of play. Even now I thought the old boy had made a mistake somewhere. But I could see he didn't think there was any mistake. It took him a good five minutes to get upstairs, and on the top landing he had to put his hand to his heart and suck in air."

"I followed him into his room, and the first thing I came across was a bundle of closely written papers. 'These,' he said to me, 'contain minute accounts of the processes I have followed in my search for the vital principle of life. Were I to publish these, I should create a world of immortals. But that I will not do; I alone must pass the gates that divide time from eternity. Yet, no! You also, my friend, if you have courage, may share this precious gift with me. These papers must then be destroyed.'

"He led the way to one of his cupboards and opened it. Standing in the cupboard was a retort about half-full of a sort of golden-greenish fluid. You know the sort of thing: yellow in one light, green in another; there's a word for it, only I've forgotten it. The top of the cupboard was of glass, and the thing looked uncommonly pretty in the light. As for the old chap, when he clapped eyes on it I thought he'd have a fit. 'Behold it!' he said. 'The Elixir of Life! Friend, mark me, this time I have made no mistake. There can be no error in my calculations. There before you stands the fluid one draught of which will give you life for ever. It has but now left the furnace. By eight this evening it will have cooled, and there will then be virtue in it. Return at that hour, if you will, and partake with me in the privilege of immortality. And now go—go, my friend. I feel that I have over-excited myself in talking; it does me harm. I have a pain here' (sort of clutching at his chest); 'I must rest. Go; but return at eight.'

"I went off in a funny state of mind, I can tell you. If you see a man very much in earnest about anything, it sort of makes you serious about it, even if you know it to be rot. And I knew the old chap knew an awful lot about chemistry."

"You bet I turned up at eight. I hadn't made up my mind whether I was going to drink any of that fluid, but I wanted badly to see him drink it. His housekeeper let me in. 'He's upstairs, resting,' she said; 'he wasn't to be disturbed until you came.'

"I went upstairs and into his room. He had drawn his chair round to face the cupboard, and he sat in it—dead. His eyes were half-opened and fixed on the retort. He looked sort of peaceful."

"Rummy thing, wasn't it?" said the seedy man. "He sat there dead, with his elixir in front of him. It had only got to cool and settle, and he couldn't wait for it. Deuced rummy thing, I call it!"

He broke off; he crammed more tobacco into his pipe. His hand shook, but not altogether with drink. I discreetly avoided looking at it.

"You didn't taste the elixir?" I inquired.

"I did not, sir," said the seedy man. "I don't mind telling you that, when it came to the point, I didn't seem to have as much use for immortality as I thought I should. You think it over and see if you'd like to live until you could look on Methuselah as a chicken. Anyhow, I didn't touch it. And when I came back next day, the retort was broken. Whether his housekeeper had been messing round, or whether the thing had simply cracked, I can't say. His housekeeper, I think, for she'd tidied up his room and burnt all his loose papers."

There was a pause. I nodded. "Thank you, I will have another," said the seedy man.



SPORTS, PASTIMES, AND THE JOY OF LIFE.



A PESSIMISTIC PAGE BY FRANK CHESWORTH.



## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

PARIS will shortly celebrate on a grand scale the centenary of George Sand. An exceptionally strong Committee has been formed, with the Minister of Public Instruction as one of the Honorary Presidents, and Messrs. Jules Claretie, Marcel Prevost, and Georges Ohnet as Acting Presidents. The Committee includes nearly every name in France celebrated for literature, science, or art. The influence of George Sand on English literary people in the early 'fifties of last century was far greater than is generally supposed. The letters of Carlyle and his wife show how much they were opposed to it, but the full truth will never be told. George Sand knew personally G. H. Lewes, George Eliot, and many others. The late Mrs. G. H. Lewes left behind her some presentation copies of George Sand's works, with the author's autograph. A good many of the Sand novels were translated and sold in the early cheap libraries of fiction. Enterprising publishers might turn their thoughts on George Sand. Her works are now almost inaccessible in English, and they are very little known to present-day readers.

It is distressing to hear that so exemplary a character as "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" has been getting into trouble. Mrs. Mary Bass, the original of Mrs. Wiggs, appeared in a Louisville police-court lately, charged with throwing a water-jug at the head of Mrs. Emily Smith, of Haslewood. Mrs. Bass's defence was that she had been worried out of her life by people from all parts of the country looking in to see Mrs. Wiggs. Mrs. Smith, after hammering vainly at the front-door, had gone round to the back, and had a chilly reception. She declared that she had been prompted to call by a spirit of charity, having got the impression from the book that "Mrs. Wiggs" was in need of assistance.

While justice has been done to Stanley's heroic feats as an explorer, perhaps not quite enough has been written about his undoubted and remarkable literary power. In this he far transcended Livingstone. He could not lecture well and was very seldom at his ease in public speech. But he had great dramatic faculty, which came out in his conversation and writings, and he had also a happy gift of description. Stanley was interested in literature, and took pleasure for a time in attending the meetings of the Johnson Club, of which he was a member.

The net system in selling books is making very great progress, more than could have been believed a few years ago. In 1902 the number of net books published was 3050, and in 1903, 3581, or an increase of 531 over the preceding year. At this rate of progress, all our books will soon be published at net prices and discount book-selling will come to an end. At the annual meeting of that excellent body, the Associated Booksellers of Great Britain and Ireland, the President, Alderman Keay, of Eastbourne, declared that they believed

that the net book was going to be the salvation of their trade. The more the net books were increased the better they liked it. He also thought net books would be easier to deal with, because the public were beginning to learn that, when they asked for net books, there was no deviation in price, and they were just as well satisfied as before. Another gentleman said that provincial booksellers were not at all anxious that the magazines should be made net, because most of them received full price as it was. With regard to the question of free libraries, they, as booksellers, ought to look with a little suspicion upon them. Undoubtedly they had done a very great deal of good,

but many of the free libraries established in the provinces were simply distributors of novels. The friendly feeling that has grown up between the booksellers and the publishers was much in evidence at this meeting. If the publishers can succeed in getting booksellers to sell net books at net prices, there will be considerable advantage to all parties involved—to authors, to publishers, to booksellers, and to the public also, if it is remembered that the net price must not be fixed so high as the discount price—a fact that some publishers are apparently in danger of forgetting.

Mr. George P. Brett, President of the Macmillan Company, New York, is well known as a Napoleon among publishers, one of the most daring and successful members of the tribe. On his return from England Mr. Brett was interviewed upon the perennially interesting question, "What makes a book sell?" Mr. Brett's view is that the sale of a book depends on merit and vital human interest rather than upon the methods by which it is exploited. While he admits that new ways of advertising have often met with an astonishing degree of success, books which deserve to succeed eventually find their public whether they are advertised or not. He specified three books as examples. The first was Mr. Marion

Crawford's novel, "Mr. Isaacs." It did not find its public at once, and its enormous popularity began only after it had been published some time. Bellamy's "Looking Backward," which reached a sale of half-a-million copies, met with only a lukewarm reception at first, and passed from the hands of one publisher to another. In America "Robert Elsmere" had hard days at first. It was published before international copyright, and its American publishers had little incentive to make it popular. It was actually given away as a premium with a bar of soap—common washing-soap, at that. By-and-by, however, it began to boom, and the book must have circulated upwards of a million copies without advertisement or exploitation of any kind in the modern sense of the word. The success of a book—or rather, the immediate success—depends, I fancy, both on its merit and on the enterprise with which it is brought before the public.

O. O.



NATURAL HISTORY: COMMON OBJECTS ON THE SEASHORE.

SMALL BOY ON BREAKWATER: *Hi, Wullie! Come up 'ere! You can see 'is 'ead!*

## FOUR NEW BOOKS.

**"THE FAITH OF MEN."**By JACK LONDON.  
(Heinemann, 6s.)

number of short stories. Those who are familiar with Mr. Jack London's work will not find this unexpected; those beguiled into buying it by the impression that it is a complete novel are not likely



MR. FRANK BULLEN, AUTHOR OF  
"SEA WRACK."

Photograph by Kate Pragnell, Knightsbridge.

"The Faith of Men" belongs to the ever-multiplying class of books whose outward and visible signs give no inkling of the fact that their inward graces are represented by a number of short stories. Those who are familiar with Mr. Jack London's work will not find this unexpected; those beguiled into buying it by the impression that it is a complete novel are not likely to feel many pangs of regret once they have dismissed disinclination and read it. The meal of small courses will satisfy at least as completely as the meal of a single, solid joint. Mr. London has changed neither his style nor his material. The virile touch, the uncommon strength of description, characteristic of his previous work—with the solitary exception of "People of the Abyss," which was, for him, in several senses a new departure—are present in his most recent; the same locale, the weary wastes and mushroom towns of Alaska, still forms his backgrounds. Yet, despite this "sameness," his stories are as welcome as ever, constant evidence that his hand has not lost an iota of its cunning. Writing of one of his characters, he says:

"He may have played with probability, and verged on the extremest edge of possibility, but in his tales the machinery never creaked. That he knew the Northland like a book, not a soul can deny," and the words might be applied equally well to himself. His machinery never creaks—that is the key-note of his success. Equally true is it that he knows the Northland like a book, but he knows more—he is intimate not only with the country, but with the inhabitants of the country, native and migratory, and with their beasts. The extraordinary insight into what one must fain believe to be the true nature of the "husky," already demonstrated in "The Call of the Wild," is again shown in "Bâtard," a terrible, fascinating exposure of dog hatred and cunning pitted against human malignance, and a story which is in itself sufficient to command success for the volume of which it is a part.

**"DOROTHEA, A STORY OF THE PURE IN HEART."**By MAARTEN MAARTENS.  
(Constable, 6s.)

painful in its impotence. Such novels grow tedious, but at last, it would seem, the great situation has been handled with infinite delicacy, sympathy, and justice. Mr. Maarten Maartens understands such souls as his Dorothea's as well as he understands the world with which her training set her at such terrible variance, but, without bating a jot of his censure on the follies of both extremes, the author, with unapproachable skill, evolves harmony out of the dissonance. Dorothea Sandring, whose mother had died at her daughter's birth, from the shock of discovering her husband's unfaithfulness, was brought up by her aunts in Holland in an environment that can be understood fully only by those who know the narrowness of the Dutch Reformed Faith or the strictest sect of the Scottish Evangelicals, which it resembles in every particular. Scarcely had Dorothea entered womanhood with the resolve to keep herself "unspotted from the world," than she was claimed by her English father, Colonel Sandring,

a gallant soldier and careless man of pleasure. Sandring launches his daughter forthwith on the flood-tide of a Monte Carlo Season. Every day brings fresh shocks to the girl's innocence, but, amidst it all, she discovers, as she imagines, her ideal in Egon von Roden, a scion of German nobility, sprung of a family that, without being conventionally religious, had achieved an exquisite conception and rule of life. Egon's father and mother, the invalid General Justus von Roden and the delightful little Generalin, pass through the story like a breath of summer. No better foils could have been imagined to the other characters with their extremes of pietism, laxity, or baseness. The threads of the story are so numerous that they cannot all be indicated in a brief notice. Yet through the whole complex web the main issue is always clear. Dorothea's ineffable virtue puts too severe a strain on Egon's upright but less strait-laced character. Gradually they fall apart, and for one passionate moment Egon forgets his wife for a woman with whom he has certainly many kindred interests. For Egon, however, sin means instant confession, and Dorothea, judging according to her faith, does what one expects and banishes her husband. The author leaves us in no doubt as to his view on the application of the moral law to man and woman respectively, but the subtlety of his conclusion can be appreciated only from attentive reading of the book itself. Any attempt to outline it here would be to do the work of Mr. Bowdler. The subordinate characters are drawn with exquisite precision, lightness, and vitality, in particular the Biermädel, who attains to "Burke" and narrowly misses a place in the "Almanach de Gotha." The novel is long, but never wearisome, and we welcome it as the most notable contribution that has been made to English fiction for many a day.

**"THE WINE OF LOVE."**By H. A. HINKSON.  
(Nash, 6s.)

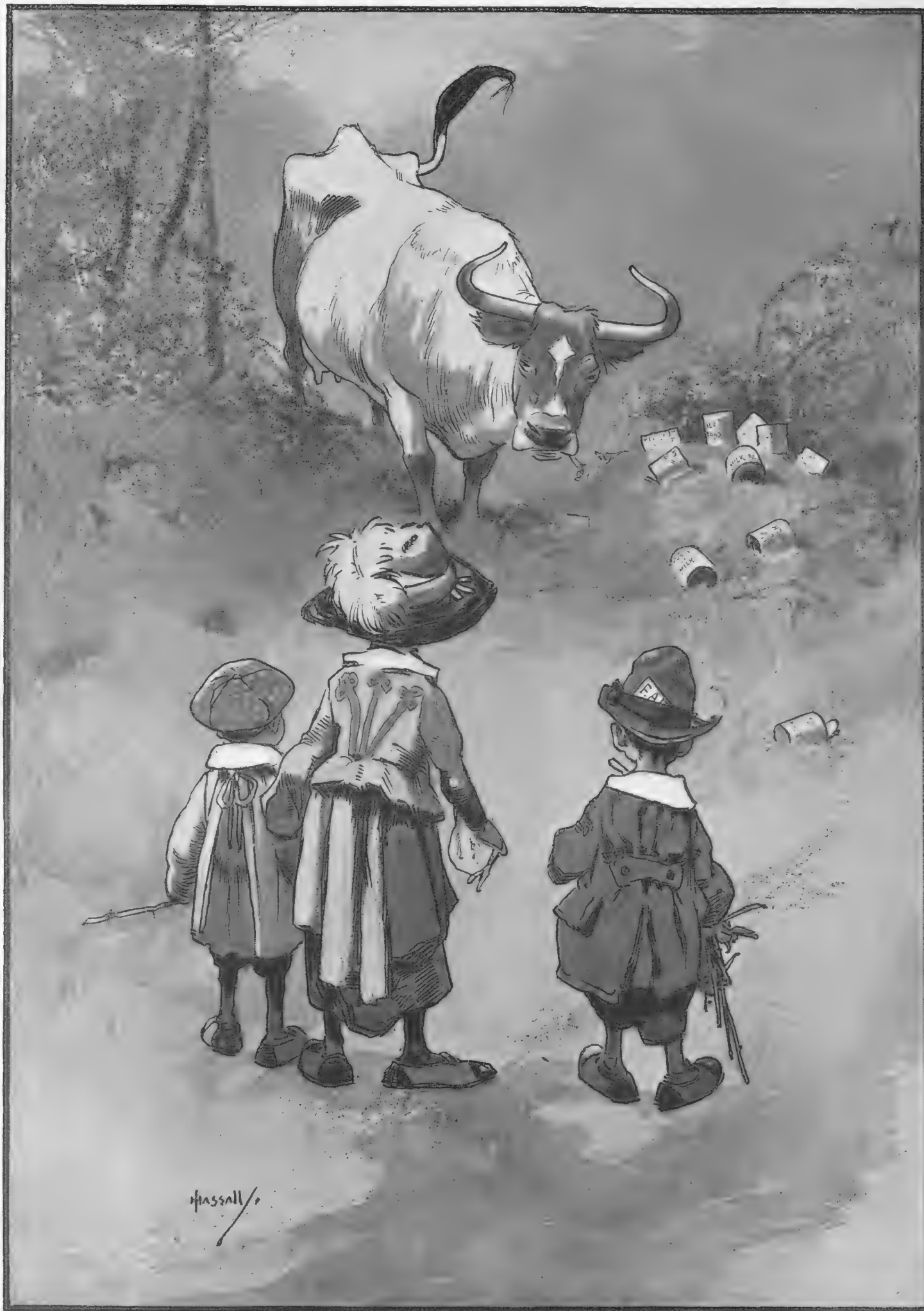
This is indeed a "heady" title for a very simple little story of Irish life, which contains no suggestion of the intoxication of a "grande passion." Rather does it deal with agitations, meetings of the League, dissension between father and sons, incendiarism, and the hundred-and-one excitements of living amongst discontented Irish peasants. An American millionaire, Mr. Fairlight T. Waggeman, arrives in Ireland with his niece Alicia (who, for some reason, always calls him "Poppa"), and, with the usual restlessness of the Yankee, thinks he can interfere with advantage and check the rising discontent. Buying an estate of fifteen thousand acres, he reduces the judicial rent by six and eightpence in the pound, and decrees that at the end of fifteen years the holdings shall become the property of the tenant. Naturally, the peasants on the neighbouring estates demand no less of Lord Kilmacduagh and his brother landlords, who are represented as excellent men with their tenants' interests at heart, but who are certainly not prepared to part with their property at the expiration of a term of years. The American thus creates an "impasse." He had been conducting his oil business, in the meantime, very comfortably by cable, but, on hearing of the foundation of a new Oil Trust, he starts for New York, leaving behind him his niece, whose heart is by this time in a dashing young Irishman's keeping. With the Oil King's departure, a revulsion of feeling seizes the changeable Irishmen. What call had he to be interfering in matters he had no concern in? Everybody knew an acre of Kildrinagh land was worth ten of the bog-land and scutch-fields over which he reigned. So the landlords succeed in restoring peace without giving in, and the only broken heart seems to be that of Kitty, the peasant girl who loved a man too far above her. The subject of the disastrous emigration to America is touched upon—it cannot well be ignored in any representative story of present-day Ireland. As Lord Kilmacduagh remarks, "They only hear of the Irishmen who succeed, and of the millions that are lost they know nothing."

**"THE MASQUERADERS."**By "RITA."  
(Hutchinson, 6s.)

There is a certain Irish vivacity and charm about this book, but, on the whole, it is not worthy of the author of "Peg the Rake." "The Masqueraders" are two Irish musicians, who pretend to be Spaniards, and, as they are rigorously and always masked, they create a furor with their duets and solos to guitar accompaniment. The leader, Denis O'Rourke, is the natural son of his patroness, Lady Farintosh, who dies and leaves him her money, after he has been disabled in a fire, which is not badly described, at a smart function. He saves the great lady whom he loves from a horrible death, but he is not rewarded with her hand. This is, no doubt, true to life, though, as the principal characters are all purely conventional, anything but a conventional ending seems inappropriate. Two minor characters, a humble lodging-house "slavey" and an old Frenchman—an unappreciated musical genius—are admirably drawn, with real humour and insight, showing what "Rita" can do if she likes. The book might, perhaps, appeal to musical enthusiasts, though one would imagine even they would hardly require part of the score of a *Fantasia* of Schubert's or the words and music of a German *Trinklied*.



## THE HUMOURIST AND THE FRESH-AIR FUND.

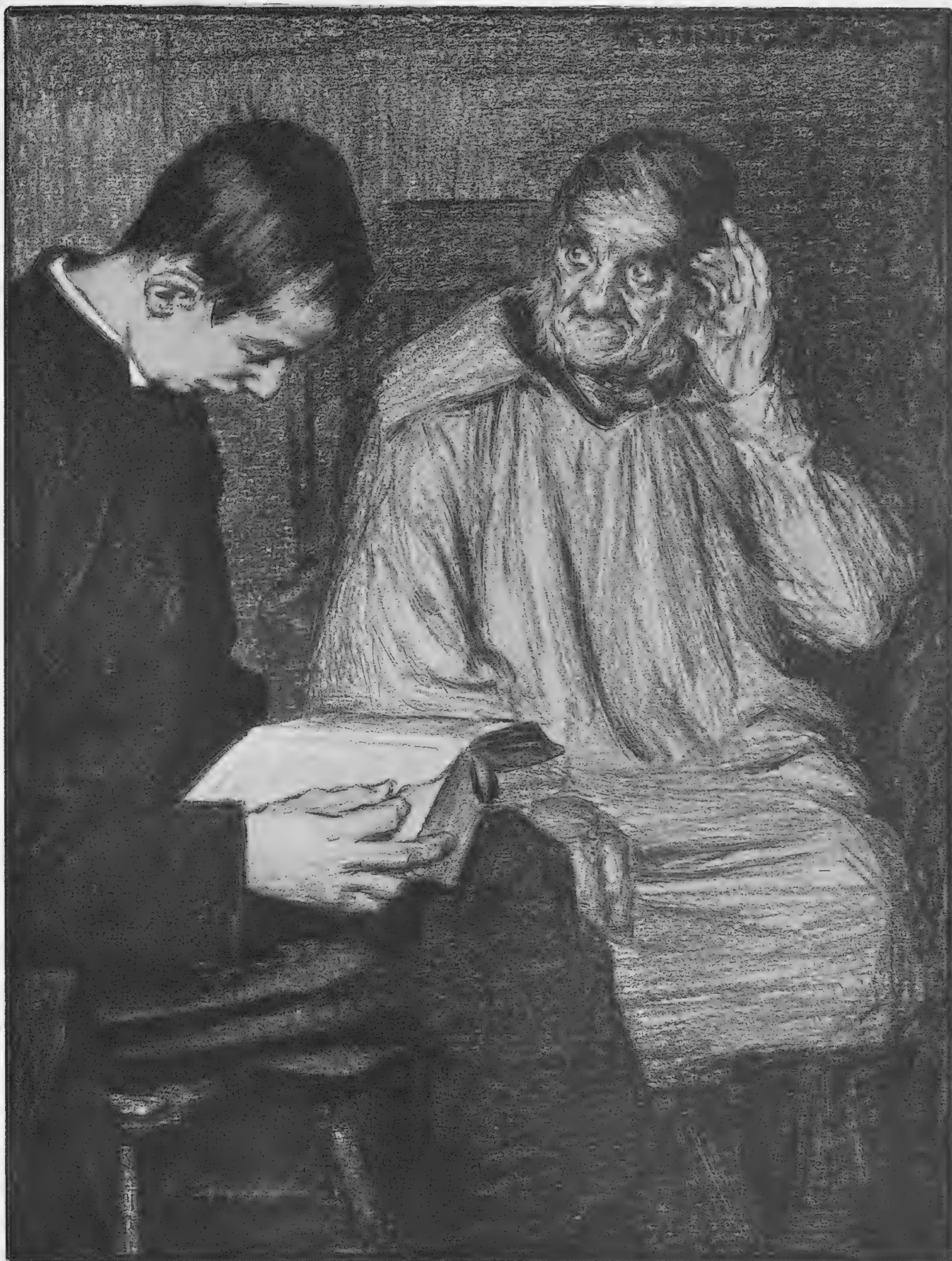


"Wot be all them milk-tins doin' there, Alice?"

"That's a cow's-nest, silly!"

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

TURNING THE TABLES.



CURATE (*reading*): "And he had seven hundred wives."  
OLD MAN: There's a grand example for yer, Sir!

DRAWN BY GUNNING KING.



## "A HAND AT BRIDGE."

HELD BY G. L. STAMPA.



## A NOVEL

IN

A NUTSHELL.

THE MAJOR AND THE  
DIAMONDS.

By CHARLES EDDY.



MAJOR CARRINGTON walked into the shop of Evans and Black, jewellers, in High Street, Kensington. He was a distinguished-looking man, with an attractive smile and grey hair. He did not seem to be aware that he was faultlessly dressed, nor that he wore his hat at an irreproachable cock. Mr. Evans, standing behind his counter in a sober frock-coat, flattered himself that he knew the right tilt when he saw it. A hat which was cocked too much or too little gave its wearer away. The Major's angle was perfect.

Mr. Evans bowed with dignified obsequiousness.

"Good-morning," said the Major, pleasantly. "I'm afraid I'm only going to waste your time."

The jeweller permitted himself to smile gravely.

"Not at all, sir. Can I show you anything?"

"Well, if you don't mind me looking at a few things. I want the merest trifle."

He had the rather helpless appearance which is readily recognised by shopkeepers. The man buyer who does not know his own mind is an easy victim for an astute salesman. He turns over things in a weak way and lacks the courage to back out without making a purchase. It is the shopman's own fault if he does not sell such a customer something that is not what he wants at a price which is more than he intends to give.

The Major looked as if he had wandered in carelessly, with no settled purpose, and Mr. Evans recognised the symptoms. So he smiled deferentially.

"I shall be most happy to show you what you wish."

"Some little thing," said the Major; "a brooch or a ring. Perhaps I'd better say at once that I want to make a small present to my wife, and I can't afford more than twenty pounds."

The jeweller inclined his head and brought out a tray of rings. As he did so, a shadowy assistant was automatically evolved from the back part of the shop and took his stand, without ostentation, at his master's elbow. The Major glanced at him curiously, and then looked at Evans, whose eyes were gravely bent upon the tray.

"I hope there's nothing suspicious about me," he observed; and there was a twinkle in his eye.

The merchant coughed, and smiled with a suggestion of apology. The assistant relaxed into a silent snigger.

"It is a rule of the establishment, sir, that is all. In a business such as ours we have to keep to certain rules."

"Oh, of course!" said the Major, in a friendly way. He examined the rings and tried them on, holding them up to the light, displaying a certain knowledge of the stones, and impressing the jeweller with his just estimate of values. He was evidently not the sort of customer to be imposed upon; at the same time, he was a man, which was undoubtedly a trick in the seller's favour.

"This is a nice one, but I know it's too much money for me." He uttered a comical sigh as he fingered a ring with diamonds and a peridot in the middle.

"That is seventy-five pounds, sir," said Evans. "Excellent value."

"Yes, I can see it is. But I mustn't run to it. All these things are more expensive than they were."

"Quite true," admitted the jeweller. "It is no exaggeration to say that most stones are worth more than double the price of a year or two ago."

"Now why is that?" asked the customer, in a genial tone.

Mr. Evans entered into a courteous explanation of the means by which certain cliques had cornered the supplies, and Major Carrington listened with mild interest while he continued to examine the trinkets with an appreciative eye which confessed him to be of those who find precious stones a source of attraction. He interposed certain "Ah's!" and "Dear me's!" at correct moments; but it was evident that he was thinking more of the rings than of the discourse, and Evans curtailed his remarks at the first opportunity.

"You'll think me a nuisance," said the Major, "but I should like to look at some brooches before I make up my mind."

His frank manner and pleasant smile favourably impressed the shopkeeper, who hastened to assure him of the absence of any trouble

in the matter, while the assistant withdrew the tray of rings and substituted one of brooches.

The customer lovingly regarded them.

"If I followed my own feelings, I should buy the lot. That is, if I'd the money. A rather important 'if' that. My wife says I spend too much on jewellery as it is."

Mr. Evans smiled with a blend of appreciation and polite disbelief in the suggestion of cash limitation.

"Now what's the price of this little one?" asked the Major. He held up a dainty brooch

in which the workmanship in the gold made up for the smallness of the diamonds.

"That is thirty guineas," said the jeweller.

"Quite a little gem! But thirty guineas is more than twenty pounds, isn't it?"

The merchant could not deny it.

The Major skimmed over the tray; but he ever came back to his first selection, and, at length, with a whistling blow through his teeth and a helpless look at the man behind the counter, he made his resolve.

"I must have this one," said he. "I can't resist it. I suppose I must knock off cigars, or something."

The jeweller smiled dutifully.

"Of course, that's the lowest price you can take?" he asked, without looking as if he expected much from the question.

"They are all marked at the very lowest possible figures," said Evans, with a pained air.

"Yes, yes, of course! Well, that's settled. Can you lend me a pen?"

Pen and ink were produced, and the Major drew forth a cheque-book. As he filled up the form, the shopkeeper looked on anxiously. He felt that an awkward moment was coming if the buyer wanted to take the brooch in exchange for his cheque; and he began to purse his lips and to rehearse in silence the least hurtful way of conveying a piece of intelligence which is never well received.

The Major finished his signature with a flourish and handed over the cheque.

"There you are," said he, as if he were getting something off his mind.

"Thank you, sir," replied Evans. "Where may I send the brooch?"

"Oh, I'll take it with me!" said the Major; but, before the jeweller's jaw could drop, he recollected himself. "But, of course, you don't know me. Will you send it, when you've got the money? Here's my card."

"Certainly, sir, with pleasure," said the relieved seller, looking at the card—

*Major Mervyn Carrington, late 120th Hussars.*

"What address, sir?"

"Of course, it isn't there. I'm at 27, Carlton Gardens, just close by. It's a temporary address—we're only in rooms—but my wife and I travel a good deal. Good-morning. I must apologise for taking up so much of your time."

Mr. Evans bowed and murmured his disclaimer, while the assistant hurried round and held open the door. The Major nodded his thanks as he passed out.

The cheque was cashed, the brooch was sent home, and the Major dropped in, a few days later, to say how pleased his wife was with it.

"I dote on jewellery myself," said he.

Mr. Evans took the trouble to show him one or two really good stones, and the other's appreciation warmed him.

"Quite a pleasant man," he observed to his assistant when the caller had departed.

Two or three weeks passed, and the Major looked in again. As he entered, his face expressed comic ruefulness.

"I've come to ruin myself," said he.

"I hope not, sir," said Mr. Evans.

"Oh, but I have! And the deuce of it is I rather like the



prospect." He smiled in a boyish way, and his whole manner was redolent of wilful mischief.

"The fact is, it's my wife's birthday to-morrow, and I want to give her something really nice. White stuff, you know. Now what can you show me?"

He leaned on the counter with almost friendly confidence. The jeweller smiled reciprocally.

"I can show you something very special, sir. It's a necklace."

"The very thing!" said the Major, buoyantly. "Bring it out."

"It is in the safe. Perhaps you wouldn't mind stepping into the back-room, sir?"

"With pleasure." The Major followed with jauntiness, humming a popular tune. Mr. Evans dispensed with the assistant, a mark of confidence which was duly noted. From the safe was produced the glittering necklace, and the Major went into raptures.

"Superb!" he cried. "Grand! But you mean to ruin me worse than I meant to ruin myself."

He fingered the stones, held them up to the light, flashed them in a dozen positions, and made a running commentary of approval.

"How much, Mr. Evans; how much?" he asked, at length, and he surrendered the necklace with obvious reluctance to the merchant's outstretched fingers.

"The price is seven hundred pounds," said the jeweller, and his voice expressed sad gravity.

"I must have it! I can't afford it, but I must have it!" said the Major. "After all, the stones are always worth the money. It's not a necklace—it's an investment."

"It may be regarded in that light, sir," said Evans.

"Yes; but whatever light we regard it in, it's a gem!" cried Carrington, with enthusiasm. "My wife will be simply delighted!"

He took the necklace again and fingered it with admiration.

"Now, I wonder," said he, looking doubtfully at Evans, "if you could spare your assistant to bring it round with me to show to my wife before we clinch the bargain? I should like her to see it first." He gazed anxiously at the jeweller.

"Certainly, with great pleasure," said the latter. "If you will allow me, I will come myself."

"That's capital! But when?"

"Just whenever it is convenient to you." Mr. Evans could not restrain an inward glow at the prospect of the day's work.

"Not now?" said the buyer, dubiously.

"Now, if you like, sir."

"Good!" cried Major Carrington, with relief, which he took no pains to conceal. "I shall be in high favour for the next few hours."

The merchant assumed a tall-hat of pronounced respectability without any claim to fashion, and, with deferential steps, accompanied the bubbling Major to Carlton Gardens. The latter buzzed in cheerful talk the whole way, a matter of twenty minutes, and in due course knocked loudly on the door of No. 27, which was a house on the bay-window plan with a stucco front.

"Is Mrs. Carrington at home?" he asked joyously of the maid who opened the door, and, when he received the affirmative answer, he indulged in a short, happy laugh.

"Come upstairs, Mr. Evans," said he, and himself bounded up two steps at a time, and threw open the door.

An elegantly attired lady rose on their entrance and came forward. She greeted the Major with an affectionate look.

"This is Mr. Evans, Connie," he remarked, repressing his buoyant humour with an effort. "He has brought something to show you."

The lady bowed amiably.

"I expect I can guess what you have brought, Mr. Evans," said she. "Hugh, you bad boy!" She shook her head at him and sat down, inviting the jeweller to be seated also. The Major paraded the room, evidently unable to control himself sufficiently to occupy a chair.

"Let me give it her," said he, impulsively, and he opened the case and flashed the stones before his wife.

"Oh, Hugh!" she cried. "Don't say this is for me!"

"No, it's for me," said he, and laughed at his own pleasantry.

"Oh, you darling!" she exclaimed. "Mr. Evans, do forgive me." She threw a little, imploring look at the jeweller, and imprinted a kiss on her husband's ready cheek.

"So you like it?" he asked.

"However much is it?" said she.

"Never mind how much it is," said the Major, winking at the merchant. "Anyhow," he added, "it's no more than you deserve."

"Oh!" said the lady, delightedly, "that is nice of you!" She clasped it round her throat and surveyed herself in the mirror. "I shall wear it to-night."

"You can't do that, dear," said Carrington, speaking more soberly. "There are certain little matters that have to be done first."

"Oh!" said his wife, with disappointment.

Mr. Evans looked sadly at the carpet, fearing that an appeal was to be made to him. But the Major whispered to Mrs. Carrington, and she said nothing more.

"I'll write out the cheque," said he. Folding-doors which stood open revealed a writing-table in the adjoining room. In full view of the jeweller he wrote the cheque, and, as he brought it forward, he held in his other hand a cardboard box.

"Here's the cheque, Mr. Evans. We're both business-men, and I don't expect you to let me have the trinket until you've got the money. It's quite right that you should be protected, but"—and he cocked his head on one side in a humorous way—"I'm going to protect myself as well."

"Anything you wish, sir," said the jeweller, bowing.

"I want you to put the necklace in this cardboard box, tie it round with string, and then I'm going to put sealing-wax at both ends and impress it with my crest. You take it away, lock it in your safe, and, when you're satisfied about the cheque, just send it up as it is."

"Surely that isn't necessary, Hugh?" observed Mrs. Carrington.

"I'm sure Mr. Evans won't object to humour me," said the Major, doggedly.

"Not in the least," replied the merchant. "I don't believe there's another necklace quite like it; but, still——"

"If you don't mind," said Carrington.

Evans placed the necklace in the box, Mrs. Carrington brought some pink string, which he carefully tied round it, knotting it with deft fingers, while the Major looked on and his wife made teasing remarks about his horrid, suspicious nature.

"Not at all, not at all!" said he. "We're both business-men"—he seemed to like this phrase—"and we're both protecting ourselves."

The shopkeeper was rather flattered by the association.

"Thank you very much," said the Major. "Now I'll seal it up." He lighted a candle on the table and dropped the hot wax upon the box. "Where's my seal?" he asked.

"It's on your desk, Hugh," replied his wife.

"Oh, is it?" said he, hurriedly, and, holding the box gingerly between his fingers, he skipped to the table in the open doorway and, watched by the jeweller, impressed his seal upon it twice.

"Isn't he a silly man?" said Mrs. Carrington to Evans; and, as she caught his eye, she gave him a very pretty smile.

"There you are," said the Major, returning, "and thank you very much for letting me have my way."

He still held the box for a minute or two, as he made a few remarks about the necklace; then he handed it over, with the cheque, and both he and his wife shook hands with Mr. Evans, while the Major politely accompanied him to the front-door.

The merchant returned to his shop, locked up the cardboard box in the safe, examining the crest with a momentary curiosity as he did so, and sent his assistant to the bank with the cheque, accompanied by a request that it might be specially cleared.

By the last post that night he received a letter from his bank, enclosing the cheque, which was returned to him "for the reason stated thereon." The reason consisted of the words, "Account closed." The jeweller looked at it in surprise, which gave place suddenly to a start of fear. He hastened to the safe and ruthlessly broke the Major's seals. Nestling in the wool which lined the box were a few pieces of coal.

He rushed from the shop, and, encountering a policeman on the pavement, induced him by a few wild remarks to accompany him in a cab to Carlton Gardens, pouring out his tale as they went.

But Major and Mrs. Carrington had departed with their boxes "less than half-an-hour" after he had left them.

"He must have substituted another packet like it," said the policeman.

"But I never took my eyes off him," groaned the jeweller.

"Are you quite sure?" asked the officer.

Then Evans remembered the lady's special smile, and the way she had attracted his notice for a moment.

"I've been robbed!" he gasped, and groaned again.

"Looks very like it," said the policeman. "You'd better come down to the station and make a statement."





## HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



WE have got so much in the habit of pluming ourselves on the fact that our plays are home-made and that we no longer depend on France, as did the dramatists of a quarter of a century and more ago, that the theatre-going mind is apt to be startled by our crab-like mode of progression—supposing, for the moment,

that crabs go backwards—when the contrary is stated in reviewing the arrangements for the forthcoming season. There are at the present time running or announced for production in the West-End no fewer than five plays which owe their origin directly to France. These are “Lady Flirt,” at the Haymarket; “The Duchess of Dantzic,” at the Lyric; “La Poupée,” at the Prince of Wales’s; “The House of Burnside,” at Terry’s; and “Véronique,” at the Apollo.

In addition, several of our plays have come to us from America: “The Darling of the Gods,” at His Majesty’s; “The Wheat King,” Mr. Murray Carson’s departed play, and “A Gentleman of France,” his forthcoming production at the Avenue; “The Prince of Pilsen,” at

production of “Sergeant Brue” on June 4, not only because of the cast, which includes Miss Ethel Irving, who thus delays in musical comedy on her way to comedy which is not musical, and Miss Hilda Trevelyan, in addition to such other accomplished favourites as Mr. Willie Edouin, Mr. Farren Soutar, and Mr. Arthur Williams. Not a little of this interest is due to the fact that the music has been composed by Madame Liza Lehmann, whose skill and unfailing flow of melody, coupled with both daintiness and strength, have made her so great a favourite with the musical public.

What is it in the atmosphere of the theatre which, sooner or later, causes, if not disgust, at least a certain disaffection on the part of those who are brought into most intimate contact with it? Several actors whose names are high up in public esteem are frequently “heard in the Green-room” to declare that, if they had their time over again, nothing would induce them to go on the stage. With women the case is different. Still, even though most assert that they would, under similar conditions, be actresses, there are others who aver that, popular though they are, they have found a disillusion, if not discontent, in the land behind the scenes. Even dramatic authors of the most popular character suffer from the same complaint. Mr. Sydney Grundy, for instance, who deprecates the excessive notice which is given in the papers to things theatrical, has practically retired from the active service of the stage—for the present, at all events—and Mr. George R. Sims seems apparently giving exclusively to journalism that time a part of which, at least, he once bestowed on the theatre.

The desire to write is one which, sooner or later, returns to everyone—witness the rejuvenescence of Mr. W. S. Gilbert—and there is no knowing how soon that desire may return to a man who has once written. It is, therefore, to be hoped that it will not be long before a new play by Mr. Grundy—one of the most trenchant and polished of our writers, one of our dearest dramatists, and one of our acutest observers—will be welcomed back again to the stage which can most certainly not spare him.



MISS MAUDE SINCLAIR AS FI-FI IN “A CHINESE HONEYMOON,” AT THE STRAND.

*Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*

the Shaftesbury; as well as “Cynthia,” at Wyndham’s, and “Miss Elizabeth’s Prisoner,” at the Imperial. Thus, out of twenty-two West-End theatres, eleven are producing plays practically of foreign origin. Of the remainder, five of the theatres are given to musical comedy—the Adelphi, the Gaiety, Daly’s, the Strand, which will be closed when this paragraph appears, and the Vaudeville—leaving Sir Charles Wyndham at the New, Mr. George Alexander at the St. James’s, Mr. Arthur Bouchier at the Garrick, Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry at the Comedy, and Mr. Charles Frohman at the Duke of York’s to present English plays, though, practically, not one is of any other than avowed farce or slight comedy. Dramatically, we are dining off entrées, and we are likely to go on doing so.

“A Gentleman of France,” the adaptation of Mr. Stanley Weyman’s well-known novel which Mr. Murray Carson is, according to present arrangements, to produce at the Avenue Theatre on Saturday, had a remarkable vogue in the United States in general and New York in particular, some two or three years ago, when the chief characters were impersonated by Mr. Kyrle Bellew and Miss E. Robson. Indeed, the production ran for so many weeks in New York that the time had to be counted by months, a remarkable tribute to the popularity of any play in the Empire City, as it delights to call itself. The scene which particularly evoked the enthusiasm of the American matinee-maiden was a fight on a staircase which Mr. Bellew held against all comers, and it would be difficult to say off-hand with how many corpses the stage was strewn when the curtain finally descended.

The seemingly impossible has happened, and “A Chinese Honeymoon,” which was “established in MCMI,” has at last been brought to a conclusion, after serving to disprove in the most conclusive manner the pet theory of a great number of folk who allege that certain theatres are unlucky, that unenviable reputation having been awarded to what is now the Easternmost of all the West-End houses.

Meantime, a great deal of interest is being evinced in the



MISS DAISY LE HAY, A FAVOURITE OF THE MUSICAL COMEDY STAGE.

*Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*



# KEY-NOTES

A FAREWELL Recital was given by M. de Pachmann on Saturday (the 14th) at the Bechstein Hall, previous to his starting on a tour in the States. As usual, he was unsurpassable in his Chopin playing, and in Six Etudes by that Master he played quite magnificently. They were Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, and 8, and nothing could possibly have been better. He was, perhaps, not quite so good in his playing of the Nocturne in D-flat or the Ballade in A-flat. He also played Mozart's Fantasia in C Minor, and a selection of smaller compositions of Mendelssohn, Schumann, Schubert, and Beethoven, in all of which M. de Pachmann proved himself a master of his instrument. At the end of the Recital he had a most enthusiastic ovation.

At Covent Garden, a few nights ago, we had the first performance this season of Gounod's "Faust," with Madame Suzanne Adams as Marguerite, and M. Dalmoréz as Faust. Taken altogether, it was a most interesting performance, for M. Dalmoréz was an exceedingly interesting Faust, and a word of especial praise must be awarded to Miss E. Parkina for her admirable representation of the part of Siebel, for in this difficult little part she both sang and acted with great accomplishment. Madame Suzanne Adams was, perhaps, a little disappointing, for she was rather cold, and one did not always find spontaneity in her acting. As Mephistopheles, M. Journet was disappointing; he was most conventional, and the true malicious element seemed to be quite wanting. Under Signor Mancinelli, the Orchestra gave a flawless representation, and the Chorus was exceptionally good.

Just over sixty years ago, Dr. Joseph Joachim, then a boy of thirteen, made his first London appearance at a benefit concert, and two months later he appeared at a concert given by the Philharmonic Society, playing Beethoven's Violin Concerto. On Monday, the 16th, Dr. Joachim's Diamond Jubilee was the occasion of a most interesting event at the Queen's Hall, when he was presented with a portrait of himself painted by Mr. Sargent. Sir Hubert Parry read an address which had been prepared for the occasion, in which he said that, at a time known only by hearsay to most of us, Joachim first brought before an English audience the promise of that performance which has made him eminent among two generations of men; his playing, continued the address, we still welcome as a perdurable delight, one which will remain for many generations more as a tradition and example to be prized by those who were born too late for the happiness of immediate knowledge. . . . "The welcome," continued Sir Hubert, "we offer you is alike for the artist who commands every power of the trained hand and for the musician whose consummate knowledge and profound reverence for his art have uniformly guided his execution in the path of the sincerest interpretation. The present occasion will, we hope, be memorable of itself. None the less, we desire that you should possess a visible record of it. Mr. Sargent has brought us the willing and generous aid of a sister art, and we have the pleasure of presenting to you the portrait of yourself, which he has employed no common zeal to complete within the time at his disposal."

Mr. Balfour then made a speech, remarking, among many other things, that we owe Dr. Joachim a debt of gratitude which it is not easy to estimate, and it was as musician as much as

friend, and as friend as much as musician, that they desired now to pay him all the honour that lay in their power, and to present him, as a simple memorial and a permanent monument of that memorable occasion, with a portrait of himself, painted by one of the greatest living artists. Dr. Joachim, obviously suffering from great emotion, then returned thanks to the Prime Minister, and spoke of England as his "second home." After these proceedings were over, Dr. Joachim played Beethoven's Violin Concerto, and conducted his own Overture to "King Henry IV." Mr. Henry Wood opened the proceedings of the evening by a performance of Mendelssohn's "Hebrides" Overture played by the Queen's Hall Orchestra.

Madame Yvette Guilbert last week opened a series of eight Recitals to be given at the Bechstein Hall, confining her programme exclusively to French ballads of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Both in her acting and in her vocalisation Madame Guilbert showed her great artistic powers. She was equally dramatic in all her representations, but perhaps her rendering of "Le Roi a fait battre le Tambour" was the most impressive number on her first programme.

A new American pianist, Mr. Voss, made his first appearance in London on Saturday, the 14th, at the Queen's Hall at an Orchestral Concert, Mr. Henry Wood conducting the Queen's Hall Orchestra. Mr. Voss chose Tschaiikowsky's Concerto in B-flat Minor, Liszt's Concerto in E-flat, and Saint-Saëns's in C Minor, in which to display his talent.

His technique is quite irreproachable, but we should like to find a little more expression in his playing, a defect which was especially noticeable in parts of the Tschaiikowsky Concerto. The Orchestra played on their own account the Overture to Humperdinck's "Hänsel und Gretel," and very charmingly indeed was the work rendered.

At Drury Lane, on Saturday evening, Mr. Charles Manners opened a three months' season of English opera with a performance of Gounod's "Faust." Mr. Manners' object is not in the least to compete with Covent Garden, but to give such music-lovers an opportunity of seeing and hearing opera as cannot afford to pay the very high charges of the Royal Opera. The Chorus consists of one hundred voices, and the Orchestra of sixty performers. During the season Mr. Manners proposes to give "Faust," "Mignon," "Lohengrin," "Trovatore," "The Daughter of the Regiment," "The Bohemian Girl," "Martha," "The Flying Dutchman," "Philémon et Baucis," "Maritana," "The Lily of Killarney," "The Jewess," and "Tannhäuser."

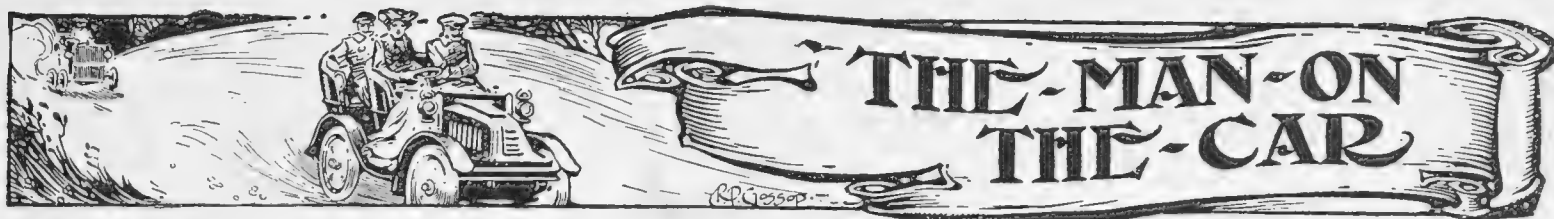
Of great interest to the whole musical world is the discovery of a lost Wagner manuscript. It is an overture called "Rule Britannia," and was intended as a tribute to the English nation. It was written in 1836, and four years later was sent to London for production at the Philharmonic Society; but the work went astray, and was therefore never given. Until a very short time ago nothing was heard of it, when, at Leicester, it was discovered by Mr. Cyrus B. Gamble. The production of this Overture will be waited for with great interest by all music-lovers.

COMMON CHORD.



A STUDY OF MADAME CALVÉ.

By Reutlinger, Paris.



*The Accident to Earp—The Great Race—Horse-power—The Duchess of Sutherland.*

PANIC is the last thing which should seize upon such a body as the Races Committee of the Automobile Club; and yet the sudden resolve on Thursday week last, after the accident to Earp and his Napier on the Douglas Parade, smacks strongly of scare-seizure. Apparently, the Committee never waited to make inquiry into the cause of the regrettable mishap, but jumped to conclusions, and there and then barred the man and the machine who, next to Edge, had certainly accomplished the most meritorious performance on the preceding Tuesday, the day upon which all that was of real value as a test was done. It was accepted that the Half-mile Hill Scurry at Ramsey and the speed-contests over the curved, tram-line seamed promenade were nothing but exhibition events to make the Manx folk some amends for the inconveniences they had suffered from the Trials during the previous days. The 'stable' from which issues the machine driven by Earp is not held in very high favour by the trade, but the sportsmanlike feeling of Englishmen rises superior to all petty jealousies; and on all sides one hears the overhasty resolve of the Races Committee to exclude Earp from the team condemned in no measured terms.

The German authorities are all agog to make the entry of automobilists visiting Germany with their cars for the purpose of seeing the Gordon Bennett race as easy as possible. Car-owners who are members of the Automobile Club, and, indeed, those who are not, can, by filling up a form to be obtained on application to the Club Secretary, get in return, at a cost of one shilling and ninepence, post free, a circular metal plaque bearing the letters "G. B." and a number which, attached to the car, will frank it, free of all duty, licensing, and permit troubles, over the German frontier. This is an excellent arrangement, and, if done temporarily by Germany, might very well be adopted permanently for *bonâ-fide* touring automobilists franked and vouched for by an accepted Automobile Club.

Fairy-tales galore are whispered with regard to the horse-power of cars offered to the public, who have neither the knowledge nor the means to check the recklessly mendacious statements as to horse-power made by agents when endeavouring to effect the sale of cars. A thing that has always astonished me is the effect of sea-air and a sea-voyage upon the horse-power of motors which make the Channel trip. In even so short a passage as Calais-Douvres, an 8 horse-power engine will be found to have acquired another horse-power or two in the crossing. Wonderful thing, sea-air! But presently we shall be able to see if the ozone of the ocean really does produce this wonderful result, for shortly the Club will have in its possession a machine by which the horse-power of cars at the road-wheels may be accurately measured, which, after all, is the thing required. A powerful motor under the bonnet is of small utility if half or three-fourths of the energy it exerts is swallowed up in the gear intervening; then the horse-power qualification is very misleading. When the Club does get the apparatus installed, it is to be hoped that the fees imposed for test will not be prohibitive. The Club is rather prone to clap it on.

The Duchess of Sutherland has now been for some time an ardent and most successful motorist. Ever practical, her Grace has been able to utilise the horseless carriage when making long expeditions in the Highlands for the purpose of inspecting the Cottage Industries she has done so much to organise and about which there was some time ago so heated a controversy. The Duchess has designed a most becoming and, at the same time, useful motoring-cloak, so cut and stitched that it can be worn with advantage on a warm summer-day or in a blinding Scotch mist of rain and snow. The material, needless to say, is of Scotch tweed, and many fair motorists have imitated the ducal example. Her Grace, who can drive any horseless carriage, prefers the phaeton kind of car.



The Duchess of Sutherland.

MOTORING IN THE HIGHLANDS: THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND AND SOME FRIENDS.

Photograph by Whyte, Inverness.



# THE WORLD OF SPORT

*The Derby—Legislation Wanted—Manchester—Brighton—Newbury.*



MISS SYBIL ARUNDALE, OF DALY'S THEATRE, IN GOLFING COSTUME.

*Photograph by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.*

INTEREST in the Derby is growing, probably because M. Blanc has come to the decision to run *Gouvernant* at Epsom. This has, at least, cleared the air so far as the French candidates are concerned, but opinions differ as to the relative merits of the English horses engaged in the great Epsom race, and I think we shall see plenty of speculation before the numbers go up on June 1. John o' Gaunt will be ridden in the race by Mr. George Thursby, a very fine sportsman and good rider, who, however, seemingly is unable to act over the Rowley Mile course. John o' Gaunt was slack when he ran second to *St. Amant* for the Guineas, and he was very unlucky when beaten by *Henry the First* for the Newmarket Stakes. He looks, on paper, to have the best chance of any horse trained in England, but it may be that there is a dark candidate equal to taking his number down. We shall see.

It is whispered that the Jockey Club are about to legislate with a view to keeping known bad characters off the Turf. The sooner the better, say I. Why should a man, ineligible through alleged misdeeds

to be elected to a Racing Club, be allowed to go into Tattersall's Ring or to own racehorses? Why should the scum of creation be allowed on the Turf at all? After all, the matter is entirely in the hands of the Jockey Club—at least, so far as the enclosures are concerned. Further, their rule is absolute, and from it there is no appeal. It should, however, be perfectly understood that under the present régime everything that is possible to be done is done to keep known thieves off the course, but I do think the pigeon-pluckers ought to be served in the same way. A coterie of sharps have, if reports are true, been engaged during the last few months in relieving a young sport of his thousands, yet these men go racing regularly and are to be seen betting in Tattersall's Ring. It may be that they are unknown to the Jockey Club officials. More's the pity, say I.

I am sorry to have to admit that the new course at Manchester does not "take on" with owners of horses, and, despite the fact that big prizes are offered by the Castle Irwell officials, the entries do not average well. But the dwellers in Cottonopolis are fond of racing, and there will be the usual big crowd of spectators at the Whitsuntide Meeting. The chief event of the fixture, from a speculator's point of view, will be the Whitsuntide Cup, which may attract about a dozen runners to the post. The handicap has certainly been well framed, and there are several horses engaged that look to have chances. The hope of Newmarket is *Rondeau*, who has been specially saved for this race. Sir James Miller's filly showed in-and-out form last year, but Blackwell's stable is in such fine form this year that she is almost certain to be a warm favourite at the finish. General Cronje ran very fast for the Jubilee, and finished a decent third to *Ypsilanti*. I believe *Kano* will run well, but for the actual winner I shall plump for *Barbette*, who was hurried in her preparation for the Lincoln Handicap.

It is a real pleasure to hear that the new race-stands at Brighton are nearing completion, and that these will be ready for use at the August meeting. It is to be hoped the executive will now arrange to enlarge the paddock, which is at present very dangerous to spectators. If this is not possible, I propose that a ring be made round, and the horses be made to parade outside of this and away from the crowd. I have seen one or two nasty accidents in the Brighton paddock in my time. The new carriage-enclosure has turned out to be a big success, but I think a better plan would be to build the Members' Stand on the opposite side of the course, and bore a tunnel from Tattersall's Ring to the Number-board opposite. This would not interfere with the free spectators very much, but it would relieve the congestion on the stand side. Brighton is a popular fixture, and it is to be hoped that no stone will be left unturned in making the arrangements perfect.

The new racecourse to be established at Newbury is likely to be a big success, as the shareholders in the Company include some of our largest owners of racehorses. Mr. John Porter is a moving spirit in the new enterprise, which should go with a rattle. The Great Western Railway Company have undertaken to run a convenient service of express-trains from London and neighbouring towns, while the local trainers have, I am told, promised to support the meeting liberally. It is to be hoped that careful attention will be paid to the laying of the race-track, as we saw in the case of Portsmouth Park, and again at Hurst Park, that a new track caused a deal of trouble until it became properly set. The new Club attached to the Newbury Meeting, will, I am informed, be a very strong one. It is to be hoped that the Jockey Club will accord the new fixture some open dates, so that the venture may have a chance free from clashing.—CAPTAIN COE.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

EVERYBODY who has a heart—and that is a possession that most people like to plume themselves on owning—will sympathise with the objects of the Lifeboat Saturday Fund. Those men around our coasts who take life in hand and brave the near probability of death at every call do not need journalistic

prancing of civic dignitaries did us enthral and overawe. Ye Welcome Club did literally swarm with readily amused personages unto the second, third, fourth, and fourteenth degrees of social greatness, while many hundreds of ye merely others promenaded without in ye embowered walks, where truly magnificent Roman statuary and marbles invite admiration. Other citizens walked in ye moonlit byeways of Venice, which hath been transported on magician's carpet to Earl's Court, and in all ways ye fair and friendly land of Italy seemeth indeed right worthily represented. N.B.—Having recovered from the mental aberration of this Early English mood, it may be, and, in fact, is, seasonable to mention that, as the sole representatives of Signor Sangiorgi's great collection at the Palazzo Borghese, Rome, Messrs. Norman and Stacey have once more definitely proclaimed their artistic aims and high enterprise. No more can Tottenham Court Road be accounted as lacking in æsthetic ideals when all that is best in Roman tradition can be found at its very gates. Norman and Stacey, in being sought out by such monarchs of ancient and modern art as the Sangiorgi directorate, once more demonstrate their fitness as guides, friends, and philosophers of the furnishing public, and this a visit to their show at Earl's Court will, furthermore, once more abundantly prove. Side by side with objects of purely Italian local colour are excellent examples of English artistry, and the special "note" which Norman and Stacey have so successfully struck in providing high art and sound workmanship at low prices is very vibrant and visible.

From the time of its founder, Burkat Tschudi, who established the Broadwood business in 1732, the year which saw the birth of Haydn, through six generations of uninterrupted tradition, prosperity, and progress, down to the present day, the history of this great house may be said to be also the story of the evolution and development of the



A WHITE EVENING-GOWN.

[Copyright.]

trumpetings to reach their country's appreciation. At the same time, events go on round about us which would escape needful consideration did not the harmless, ephemeral chronicler of things jot them down for consideration. In this connection, it may be well to mention that Lady Londonderry presided at a meeting of the West-End Ladies' Auxiliary of the Lifeboat Saturday Fund at Londonderry House last week, when all details of the Grand Concert in aid of the Fund were discussed and arranged.

This concert takes place Wednesday evening, June 8, under the immediate patronage of the King and Queen and Court. The Prince and Princess of Wales will be present, while, under the united auspices of the musical Lady Maud Warrender and the musician-loving Mrs. Ronalds, an immensely strong programme is promised. Madame Melba, M. Saint-Saëns, M. Coquelin, Herr Fritz Kreisler, and other history-making names adorn the list of splendid artists taking part. The Duchess of Marlborough, Warwick House, St. James's, may be applied to for tickets; also Lady Londonderry, Park Lane; Lady Tweedmouth, Brook House, Park Lane; Lady Maud Warrender, 109, Portland Place, and Mrs. Ronalds, 7, Cadogan Place; while all the Agencies, from George Ashton's, Queen's Hall, onwards, are also selling tickets. It is greatly, *greatly* to be hoped that all who can will open their purse-strings and go. Never did a nobler charity hold out hands for help than the Lifeboatman's Fund.

To Earl's Court on ye opening day, after the runabout manner of worthy Master Pepys, did we go, where much braying of bands and



A RACE-COAT FROM PARIS.

[Copyright.]



piano from its more primitive forms. In leaving Great Pulteney Street, Soho, for Conduit Street, New Bond Street, Messrs. John Broadwood and Sons have reluctantly bidden adieu to many interesting and time-honoured associations, but the general tendency to "go West" has had its influence on them, and their more convenient and central new premises have for the past week or two been the scene of an Exhibition of Antique Instruments which has attracted many musicians and antiquarians. From the day of the spinet, the clavichord, and the harpsichord to the "Steel Barless Grand," Messrs. Broadwood's latest invention, is indeed a far cry, but all the gradations of form may be traced at Conduit Street. Those who are interested in the manufacture of the modern piano will be well-advised to visit the firm's new factory at Bow, the most complete works in existence, to inspect which Messrs. Broadwood extend a cordial invitation to all musicians and musical amateurs.

SYBIL.

"The Royal Academy and New Gallery Pictures, 1904," issued by the *Black and White* Publishing Company, contains a good selection of the various exhibits, though some, apparently, did not lend themselves to quite effective reproduction. Perhaps the brief interview with M. Carolus Duran, combined with an illustrated article on "R.A.'s" and "A.R.A.'s," is an even more interesting feature than the pictures themselves.

A handsome new clock and a peal of bells have just been added to the tower of St. Barnabas Church, Linsdale, Bucks, the Bishop of Oxford officiating at the dedicatory service. Messrs. J. W. Benson, Limited, of Ludgate Hill, London, were entrusted with the order for the clock and bells (the former shows the time on four dials, chimes the Cambridge Quarters, and strikes the hours on a tenor bell), which are the gift of Mrs. Hadley, who has had them erected to the memory of her late husband.

While the authorities at many seaside resorts are content to act on the defensive against the inroads of the sea, the progressive Blackpool Corporation have departed from the old groove and adopted bolder tactics. Thus fifteen acres of land which Neptune was pleased to baptise twice daily have been reclaimed by the Corporation and converted into a fine Promenade. The works of reclamation cover a distance of over a mile, but this, however, is only a portion of the Corporation's scheme of extensions, for another half-mile of sea-front is to be similarly dealt with, and, when the whole is completed, nearly four hundred thousand pounds will have been expended. The Promenade, which is well supplied with free seats and shelters, has an average width of seventy feet, and a splendidly equipped tramway extends the whole length, in addition to a wide carriage-way. With these increased advantages added to the multitude of attractions that already existed, Blackpool's future prosperity as a leading health and pleasure resort should be well assured.

### A PICTURESQUE SEASIDE RESORT.

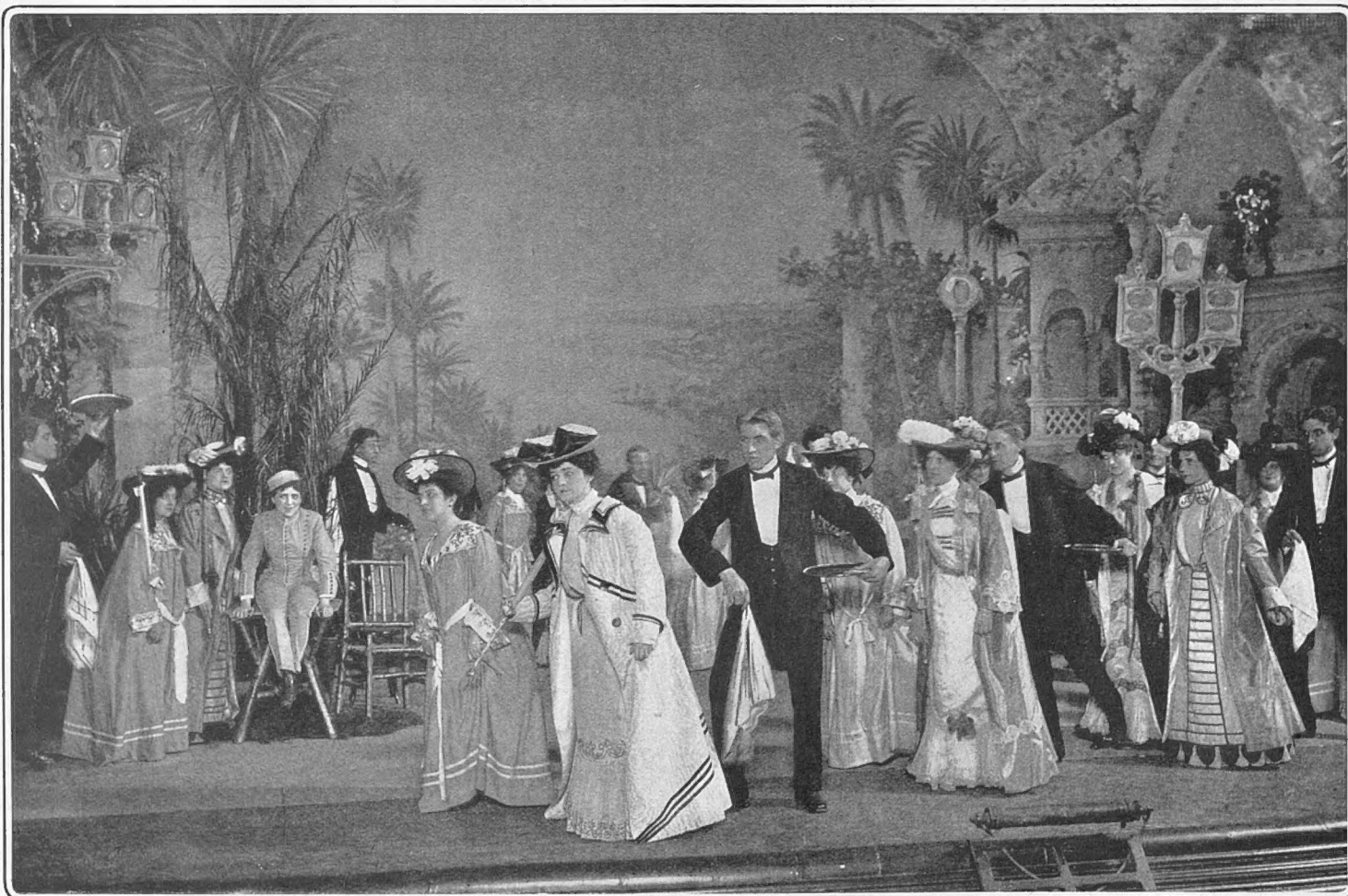
Of late years the Norfolk coast has deservedly secured its full share of popular favour because of its bracing air, so admirably adapted to restore the health and energy of the jaded worker in London Town. Mundesley-on-Sea is one of the most invigorating spots on this



THE GRAND HOTEL, MUNDESELEY-ON-SEA, NEAR CROMER.

picturesque coast, and, though still retaining much of its old-world aspect, it combines with it hotel accommodation second to none in the kingdom. The Grand Hotel has been furnished throughout by Messrs. Howard and Sons, of Berners Street, whose artistic taste has added not a little to the amenities of an exceedingly comfortable seaside resting-place.

For the Epsom Summer Races, on the 31st May and 1st, 2nd, and 3rd June, the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway will run a special service of trains from Charing Cross, Waterloo, St. Paul's, Cannon Street, and London Bridge to Tattenham Corner Station, and *vice versa*. The last special trains will leave St. Paul's at 12.25 p.m. and Charing Cross at 1.25 p.m. Two additional direct trains (first class only) will leave Charing Cross at 11.50 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Through trains will also be run to Tattenham Corner Station from the Great Northern and Midland Companies' systems.



A SCENE FROM THE FIRST ACT OF "THE PRINCE OF PILSEN," AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

Photograph by Byron.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on June 8.*

## GENERAL CHAT.

THERE has been some slackening of Stock Exchange business in the last few days, but this is only to be expected in view of the holidays, when people do not want to be harassed by commitments or to have to look at the daily paper to see how their speculations are getting on. Despite this, the tone all round is very much better than it was a month or six weeks ago, and the public is certainly inclined to dabble.

The flood of circulars and the advertisements of the advertising touts are evidence enough of how the birds of prey are about to pick up the early worm. As we write, the flaring advertisement of a touting firm, with a high-sounding name, carrying on business in Walbrook, stares us in the face, and reminds us to warn our readers again and again against the folly of dealing on the 1 per cent. Cover system. Let us illustrate this by a case. You send £5 and order the purchase of £500 Louisville. The tape quotes 109½-110½, so the tout sends you a contract that he has sold you the stock at 110½. Before you can realise a profit the price must be 111-112, as you can only sell at the lowest; while, if the stock falls to 109-110, your cover has gone, and the tout has scooped your poor five pounds. Of course, if you deal in stock quoted at, say, 50 to 50½, you suffer from the same disadvantage, but not to the extent of our illustration; to make money, the rise must be to 51-51½, while, to lose your modest cover, the drop need only be 49½ to 50. The odds against the poor punter in either case are far worse than at Monte Carlo, or even when playing cards with Mr. Robert Sievier.

The cheapness of money is encouraging, and people are beginning to talk of a further reduction in the Bank Rate; on the whole, we do not expect that the authorities will make any change for some weeks, or until foreign exchanges look more favourable.

The rise in Kaffirs has been checked, which is not altogether to be deplored, especially as it is clear that the effect of Chinese labour cannot make itself felt for some time to come, and it is far better that prices should improve quietly, and in some proportion to the intrinsic position.

## BREWERY STOCKS AND THE LICENSING BILL.

By quiet rises of a point here and a couple of points there, the Brewery Market has come to present an appearance of most unwonted strength, and the introduction of the Licensing Bill is a cause for profound gratitude to the numbers of investors who hold Debentures in any of the principal Brewing Companies. The rise has been brought about by demand which in many cases could not be satisfied. Brokers get orders to buy Brewery stocks, and find themselves unable to execute these commissions even at the top prices quoted in the Official List. The raising of the prices in the List is resorted to as a possible means for tempting stock to market, but, although the device is generally successful, it has proved ineffectual over and over again within the past week or two in the case of the Brewery section. Present holders of the stocks argue on the same lines as those who want to buy—namely, that the Bill is sure to have a good influence upon brewing profits, because of the settlement it will effect over a multiplicity of points which have been in dispute for years. If the stocks can be obtained, we may venture to suggest as useful investments, likely to improve in value, Huggins 3½ per cent. Debenture, Tamplin 4 per cent. Debenture, and Ind, Coope "B" Debenture, all of which are sufficiently low to bring their merits into consideration by the people who are buying

Brewery stocks. Looking ahead, a supposition that the demand for Debentures will continue leads to a logical probability that the better-class Preferences are likely to be taken in hand sooner or later, while the sharp bound in Watney, Combe, and Reid Deferred is an evidence that the purely speculative stocks are not going to be entirely overlooked.

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Can't say I care much for public holidays," observed The Broker, as he lit a cigar. "They upset business all round—"

"And," put in The Jobber, "are not nearly as select as the Stock Exchange holidays."

"Recesses, the newspapers call them," corrected The Merchant.

"We only say 'recess' when we don't want to use the word 'holiday' twice in lines that are close to one another," The City Editor explained, a little clumsily.

Between The Jobber and The City Editor there existed one of those warm friendships whose outward sign lies in the application of perpetual pin-pricks. "You should aim at lucidity, not at pedantry, young man," The Jobber loftily declared. "Now, if I were to write your article every day, I should—"

"Not for long, I fancy," returned The City Editor, ever imperturbable. "Unless, of course," he added, "you had a five years' contract."

"Even then they might find it cheaper to buy him out," said The Broker, raising a general laugh.

A hot retort was only saved by The Merchant asking whether he should keep his Japanese Loan.

"I was allotted £300," he sighed, "and bought myself a couple for the Special. Shall I get out of them?" And he appealed to The Banker.

That old gentleman took off his hat and mopped his brow. "I'm really at a loss to know how to advise you," he answered.

"Rather speculative investment, I know." The Merchant threw out a friendly lead.

"Oh, quite so, quite so!" and The Banker looked somewhat puzzled. "I am no authority on such—such speculations."

"But you have some wise view, I am sure."

"Well, I am afraid of what my colleagues in Lombard Street may do. That is really what causes me perplexity. The financiers who

have got large slices of the Loan about 90 might be tempted by the high premium to sell—"

"Particularly if there were any bad news from Japan," The Broker considered.

"Quite so, quite so!" repeated The Banker. "Nevertheless, it looks low-priced enough to make me think the scrip may be worth holding for something nearer par."

"Then I shall keep it," The Merchant went on. "Your opinion confirms my own, and, of course, I know well enough it's a gamble."

"A much better one than Kaffirs, too," said The City Editor, slyly. The Jobber took no notice.

"That market also puzzles me," complained The Merchant. "It ought to go better, most emphatically."

"Why?"

"What a question!" murmured The Jobber, disdainfully.

"Because the industry has now got all it wants, surely, and one would have thought everybody certain to want a flutter in Kaffirs for the rise."

"Which they don't," and The City Editor threw another baited hook without getting a nibble from his prey.

"I think," said The Engineer, speaking for the first time, "that prices are pretty high already."

"That is so; but in many cases they are below those which we saw even during the 1902 boom."

"Before Peace? We know now, of course, that they were ridiculously inflated then, having the experience of two years' disappointment to enable us to form a judgment."



JOHANNESBURG, 1904: THE ARRIVAL OF THE PIGTAIL.

MINE-OWNER: *Oh, John, you will save me from the Verkhouse!*



"But, then," The Engineer continued, "we really hope that the industry will go ahead in a month or so now, whereas in the pre-Peace boom—"

"That was only a silly gamble," laid down The Jobber. "Maybe the next rise will come more slowly—"

"Prices will probably go lower first," interrupted The City Editor.

"—more slowly," The Jobber repeated, "but people must be blind if they can't see how it is absolutely bound to come."

"You always were an Apostle of Hope," The Broker told him, "but I dare say you're right."

"You will all be saying so in the long run, anyway."

"Only it may not be a non-stop run, eh?" The Engineer's talents in the punning direction were promising, but uncultivated.

"It doesn't 'motor' much what happens in the meanwhile," retorted The Jobber, amid obloquy, "so long as there is something to 'chauffeur' it afterwards."

The Broker and the Merchant got up in a menacing manner.

"Keep your seats, gentlemen," entreated The Engineer. "It was really my own fault. And, speaking of motors, hasn't the rise in Districts gone far enough?"

"That's another gamble," said The Banker, with decision, "and the prudent man will not hesitate to sell when the quotation for the stock goes to the vicinity of 45."

"Think it will?" asked The Engineer. "If so, we ought to buy ourselves some."

"I should be sorry to invest in it myself," was the reply. "Personally, I consider that Districts and Dover 'A' are two of the most overvalued securities in the Stock Exchange markets."

"So I think," added The Broker. "To my mind, a bear of Dover 'A'—"

"But look at the traffics and the weather and the prospects of the line," The Engineer protested.

"But look at the price of the stock and no dividends," echoed The Broker.

"It's a stock very easily worked by any small clique that likes to take the market in hand, isn't it?" inquired The Merchant.

"Cliques operate for a time only," The Broker replied. "And there is very little question that Dover 'A' is standing at least ten points higher than it deserves."

The Carriage thought for a minute to itself, but, if any orders were given, they were not loud enough to hear.

"They tell me West Africans are going to wake up," observed The City Editor.

"Some people believe anything they're told," was The Jobber's sarcastic comment. "Are you writing them up?"

"I never write anything up," The City Editor returned. "All my efforts are couched in as judicial a style as I can contrive—"

"I know that style," smiled The Engineer; "it's this kind of thing: 'Provided that Consols do not decline within the next few days, it is quite on the cards that the price may advance, unless it keeps about the current quotation.'"

"Laugh away!" The City Editor urbanely cried. "I'll have my revenge some fine day."

"This weather ought certainly to benefit the better kind of Home Rails," The Engineer said, thoughtfully. "I've more than half a mind to buy myself a few Berwicks."

"Have a whole mind and half a Berwick," suggested The Jobber.

"Will you buy me a Berwick—one thousand pounds?" The Engineer asked The Broker, who made a note of it on his cuff.

"And my sister wants a good investment for three hundred pounds," remarked The Merchant. "I proposed Anglo-Argentine Tramway Prefs. They pay 4½ per cent. What do you think?"

"Excellent choice," The Broker answered, booking the order also on his cuff.

"This is no place for me," and The Jobber arose with marked disgust. "I thought we were an up-to-date Carriage, and we are buying Home Rails and Argentine Trams. Good heavens! and good-morning, gentlemen," he concluded, stepping on to the platform.

Friday, May 20, 1904.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

KYLE.—Coromandel shares are a speculation about which we can only say you will get an honest run for your money and there is an off-chance of making a big profit. Road Blocks are a very long shot—a pure gamble, in fact—but in days gone by Mysore were exactly the same. No one can tell you whether future discoveries will make it into a mine or not; at present, there is nothing more than hope to go upon.

AMERICA.—Crown Reefs are a good gold-producing share and not dear at present price. The Company's ground represents about a hundred and sixty-five claims, and the latest report shows about eight hundred thousand tons of ore developed. The ore is fair grade. You might expect about two pounds a-year dividend.

NOVICE.—The Stone shares are all right—a good Industrial risk, yielding about 6½ per cent. We do not like the second Company you name, and for our own money would have none of it. The Borax First Debentures are sound and good, but bring in about 4½ per cent. We suggest you buy some C. A. Pearson, Limited, 5½ Pref. at about par, and John Wright and Eagle Range Ordinary or Pref. Deal through a broker and have nothing to do with jobbers or touts. We have sent you a name.

S. B.—We do not like No. 1. As to the rest, they are all fair Industrial risks. We do not know the Manchester broker, so cannot give an opinion.

DICK.—As to the Mine, see answer to "Kyle." The Hotel shares have suffered from the death of the late Chairman and the fact that some of the newest ventures are not paying. The last concern is a bad egg, but, we think, is not in liquidation.

#### FINE-ART PLATES.



A YOUNG KNIGHT.

Exhibited at the Royal Institute by M. Sowerby.

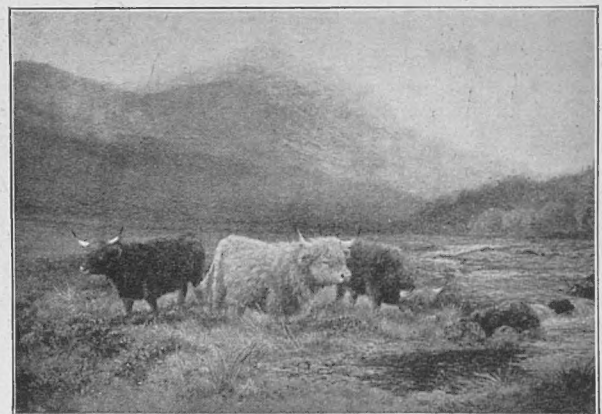
A Photogravure, 7½ by 5½ in., upon Mount 20 by 13 in., 5s. each. Signed Proofs, 10s. 6d. In Colour, £1 1s. each.



THE LITTLE MATCH-GIRL.

After N. Sansom.

A Photogravure in Colours, 13½ by 18 in., upon Mount 24 by 32 in. Signed Proofs, limited to 100, £3 3s. Unsigned Proofs £2 2s. and Prints £1 1s. each.



BY RIPPLING STREAMS.

ALSO COMPANION PLATE, "DENIZENS OF THE HIGHLANDS."

After Douglas Cameron.

Photogravures upon India Paper, engraved surface 19 by 13 in. Artist's Proofs, £3 per pair. Unsigned Proofs, £2 per pair. Prints, £1 1s. per pair. In Water-colours, 10s. 6d. extra each Plate.

#### NEW BOOK OF ILLUSTRATIONS AND PRICES, FREE.

AGENTS FOR INDIA: MESSRS. CAMPBELL AND MEDLAND, HARE STREET, CALCUTTA.

PHOTOGRAVURE DEPARTMENT, 198, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

#### "ART AND HUMOUR."

"THE SKETCH" PORTFOLIO OF THIRTY-TWO PLATES.

TWELVE BY PHIL MAY,

OTHERS BY DUDLEY HARDY, CECIL ALDIN, &c., &c.

Price 1s., per Post 1s. 3d., and of all Newsagents and Booksellers,

Also THE PUBLISHER, 197, STRAND, W.C.